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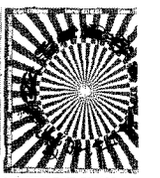

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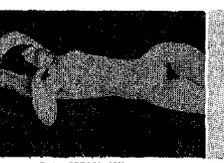

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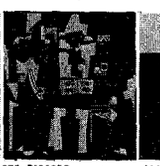

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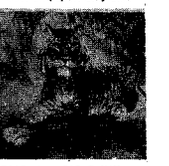

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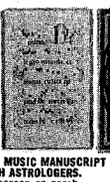

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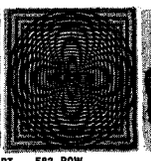

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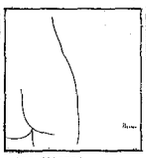

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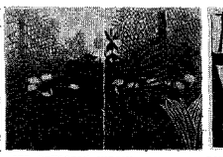

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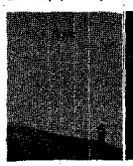

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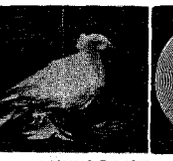

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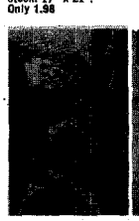

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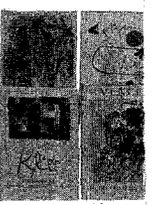

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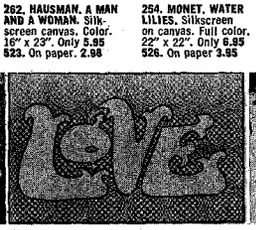

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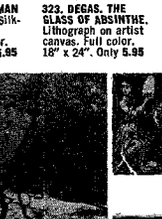

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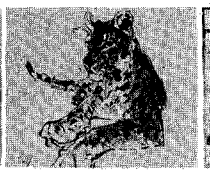

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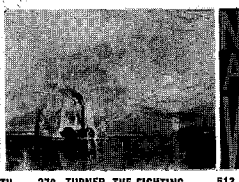

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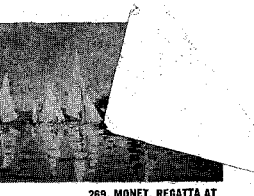

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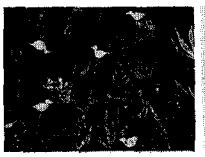

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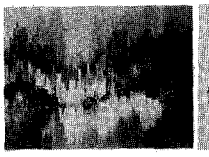

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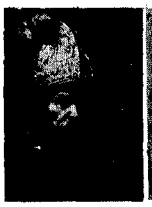

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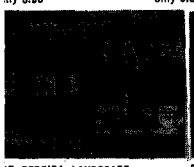

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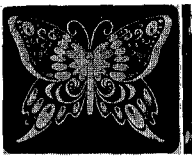

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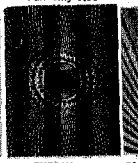

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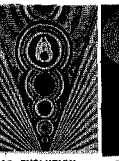

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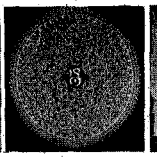

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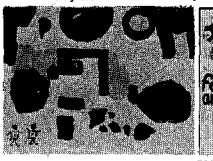

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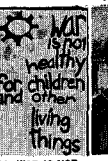

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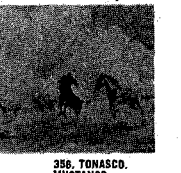

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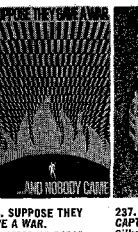

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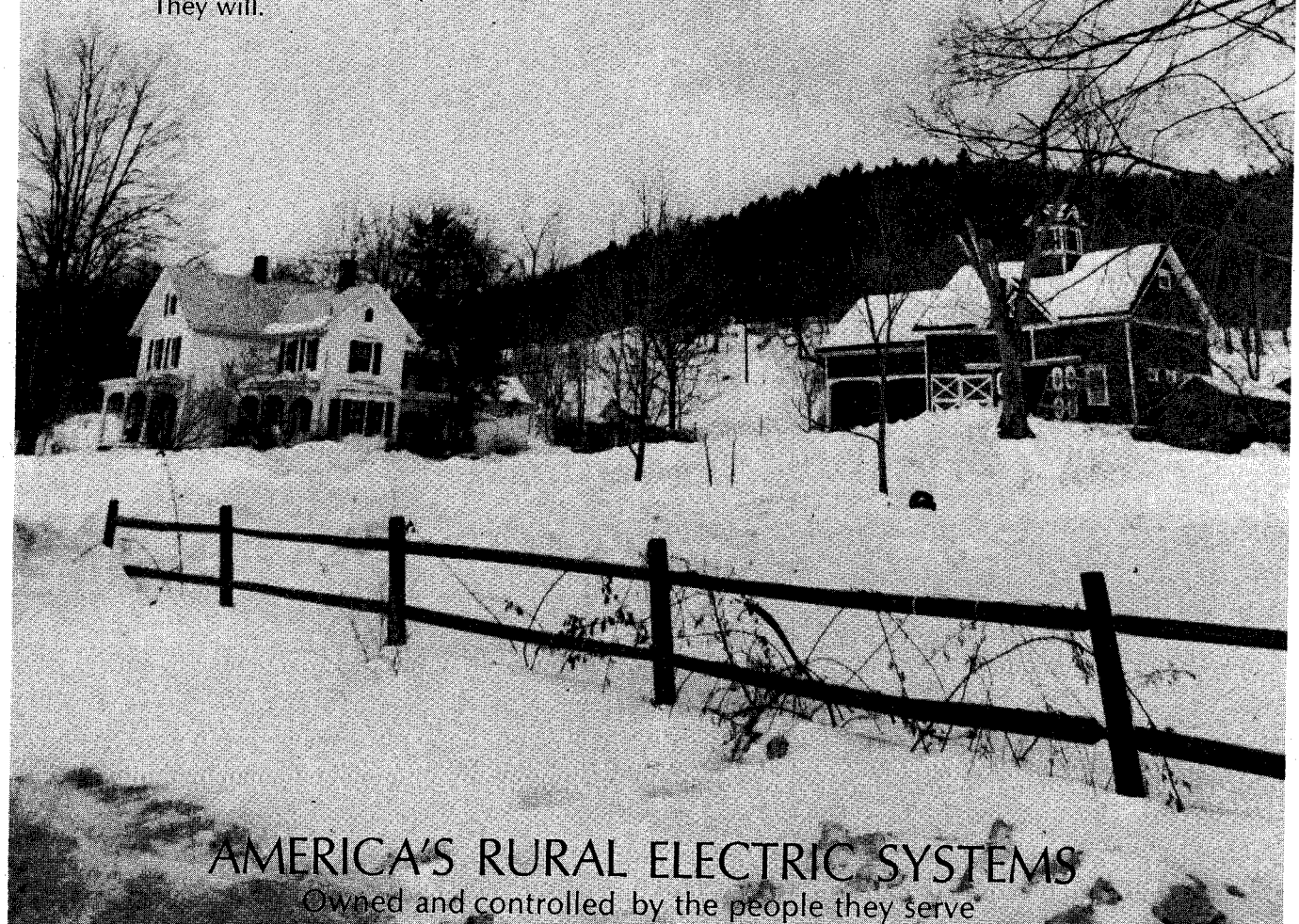

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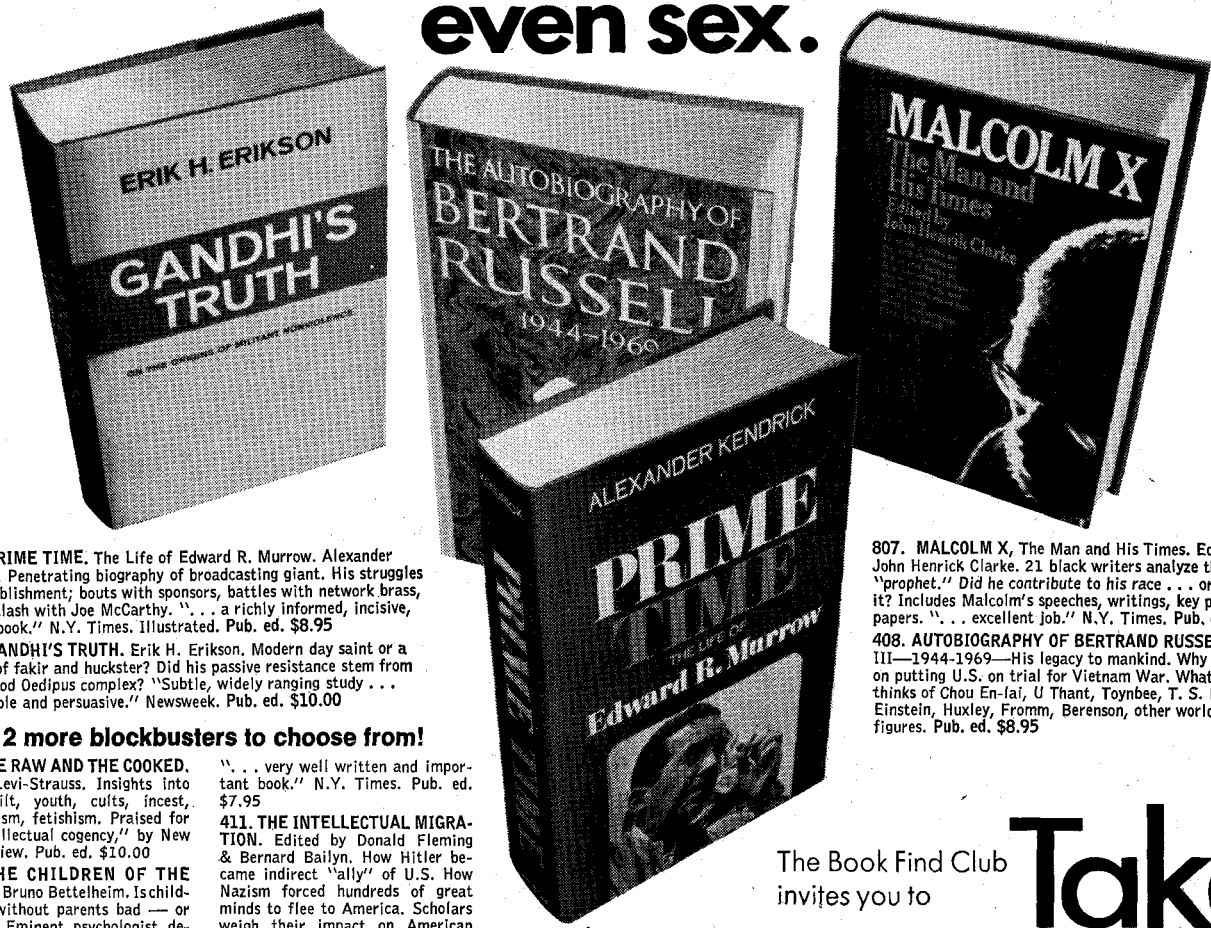

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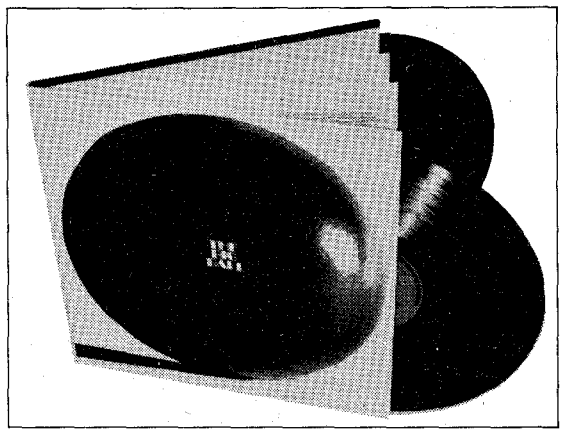

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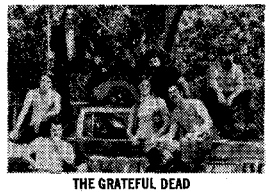
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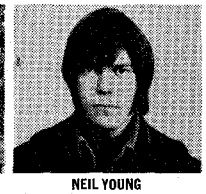
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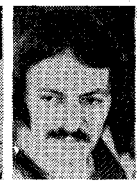
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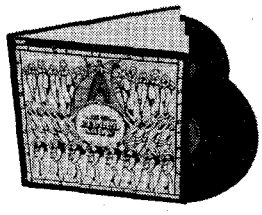

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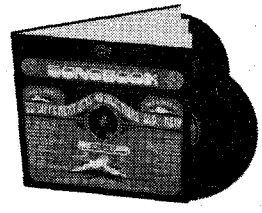

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The Smith Experiment

We don't know his name so we shall call him Smith, and one day this man came to Smith and said, "You have been very fortunate; the government has selected you in a Sociological Experiment, and would you mind accepting a monthly check of $150 for the next three years?" And Smith said, "G'wan, feller, I'll call the cops!"

And so, to make a long story short, Smith now gets in his mail every month a nice check for $150 from the US Office of Economic Opportunity, and his wife cashes it at the supermarket and, since it began in 1969, it will continue in 1971. That's the story of Smith.

What I haven't said is that Smith has two children and a menial job that brings him in just about $1600 a year. And that, my friends, makes him a classic example of a family of four whose income is just half of the $3600 which has been taken arbitrarily by the US government as the poverty line. It didn't just happen to Smith. He had to have the right income and live in the right place and be willing to go along with the experiment. And if you don't believe me I will say at once that there are over 2000 "Smith" families all told, some in the country and some in the city. The 1300 urban families live in four New Jersey cities and in Scranton, Penna., and 835 country families live in North Carolina or Iowa. Many of them are what are called working poor; they have jobs, they strain and sweat, but they are trapped.

There are an equal number of families who are mirror images of the first group, or "controls," and they are watched carefully by the government officials, but they don't get any monthly check. For that is the purpose of this experiment, which is surely one of the most extraordinary ever undertaken by any government anywhere, to find out what Smith and all the other Smiths do with their money as compared with like families who don't get it. Will Smith spend his windfall on women and strong liquor? Will he put it in the bank? Will he run harder and harder round the squirrel cage, or will he slacken off and ease up on an incredible free ride at taxpayers' expense?

What really is being tested here is something pretty important; it is a test of the moral fiber of a lot of humble people – and indeed of you and me, too, because we are not too different. There is more and more talk these days of putting a minimum income floor under everybody; in short, of abolishing poverty. President Nixon, with a nudge from his White House leprechaun-in-residence Daniel Patrick Moynihan, came up surprisingly last year with his own version of this, a proposed national Family Allowance Program with a $1600 a year minimum for a family of four (supplemented by $800 in food stamps).

Ideas for income maintenance systems are blossoming out all over. Pat Moynihan, before he came to the White House, was a backer of the Children's Allowance, which they have in Canada and 60 other nations. Under it anybody who has a child automatically gets a monthly check from the government, without a means test. The additional income is subject to taxes in Canada, so some of the money that goes out automatically to affluent families on the basis of children comes back again in taxes. Sen. George McGovern (D) of South Dakota last week proposed this for the US. Its great virtue is that it practically administers itself; there is virtually no bureaucracy; the mothers take the check and use it as they see fit. (If you can't trust a mother to do what's right for her child, who can you trust?) credible free ride at taxpayers' expense? The disadvantage is it's a scatter-gun approach; a lot of money goes to middle income families, not the destitute.

The Nixon plan is now before the House Ways and Means Committee. It stunned many when he introduced it because it was like Herbert Hoover having a love affair with a Treasury deficit. And yet this shouldn't have seemed so surprising. America's present welfare system is almost collapsing; it's nearly as bad as the health-hospital-medical complex in America. You can feel in your bones that within four or five years welfare and health will be nationalized in some way.

Gov. Rockefeller in 1967 got together 12 of the most prominent American business leaders, the chairman of Xerox, of Inland Steel, Mobil Oil, Metropolitan Life and so on, and they examined the unholy welfare mess and reported unanimously that, "It should be replaced with an income maintenance system, possibly a negative income tax, which would bring all thirty million [poor] Americans up to at least the official federal poverty line."

Now Sen. Fred Harris (D) of Oklahoma (having broken free from being chairman of the near-bankrupt Democratic National Committee), comes forward with his own federal income maintenance proposal. It's a lot like Nixon's except that it would pay more; the checks would be graduated to bring everybody up to the arbitrary poverty line. The cost would rise from $7 billion the first year to $20 billion the third. (The Nixon plan would cost around $4 billion.)

A lot of money. But it would be a substitute for a lot of money now spent on the incredibly inefficient welfare programs. A recent study by Gilbert Steiner estimates that five assorted federal programs cost $13.25 billion a year, with heaven knows how much more from states and private charity. The distribution is a nightmare of inequality. Something must be done soon. . . . Oh, and by the way, Sen. Harris reports that the "Smiths" are doing admirably; at any rate they are plugging away under the goad of the old Puritan Ethic. They seem to be working harder than ever.

Notes: At a White House reception for Sen. Russell last week Mr. Nixon explained that he checked information with a lot of people: "This is consistent with our policy of cross-ruffing everything," Judith Martin of the *Washington Post* quotes him as saying. "Rather than just getting the opinions of in-house people, we're checking with out-house people, too." . . . And we sympathize with Nigel Calder in the *New Statesman* (London) on the problem of England's change to the metric system: "It is better to know that 940-630-960 millimeters is a shapely figure than to stop and convert it to 37-25-38."

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The Leisurely War on Filth

After the President visited Chicago, and just before he declared war on pollution in a special message to Congress last week, the Justice Department filed criminal charges against eleven industrial firms for dumping oil wastes into Chicago's waterways. Thirteen firms in Brooklyn and eight in Newark were likewise charged in recent months, all under the 1899 Rivers and Harbors Act. It hasn't been much publicized but there's a great deal of anti-pollution legislation on the books. What has been lacking is tough enforcement. The kind of problems that enforcement is likely to pose for a Republican Administration was aptly illustrated by US Steel Corporation's refusal, coincidental with Mr. Nixon's message, to clean up its Duluth plant in accordance with local anti-pollution regulations.

Herbert Dunsmore, a US Steel spokesman who is also a member of President Nixon's task force on air pollution, explained that this would cost too much; if compelled to choose, the firm would rather close down the plant and so add 2500 men to Duluth's unemployed. The reason this is a particularly interesting test of the Administration's resolution about fighting pollution lies in what Mr. Nixon told his January 30 news conference about the powerful steel industry. The President was asked if he was prepared to try to "jawbone" firms into not raising prices, as one weapon in his war on inflation. (The big steel companies had just announced price increases.) Mr. Nixon replied that "jawboning" is "effective, certainly, when the President of the United States calls in a big steel company or a big automobile company and says, 'Lower prices. If you don't, we will do this or that with regard to government contracts.' But that is effective with regard to that company. It is not effective with regard to the whole problem, and it's basically unfair."

So the question immediately arises if the Administration is going to be tender or tough with steel and auto and other big concerns that drag their feet on installing devices (which may be costly) that cut down emission of poisonous gases and other wastes in accordance with new federal standards for air and water. That is going to be the test of Mr. Nixon's 37-point program. New legislation doubtless is required to deal with new substances and ingenious methods of fouling the environment that evolve. But legislation, new and old, is useless unless it is rigorously enforced. The war on filth is at least

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70 years overdue; it won't be won now by firing blank cartridges. It can be won only if the Secretary of the Interior, the Secretary of HEW and the Justice Department tackle polluters the way civil rights denials were tackled by Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy. The Chicago, Brooklyn and Newark cases are encouraging. But we do not yet know whether the President will throw the book at powerful violators, or will decide that doing so is "basically unfair" and "not effective with regard to the whole problem." He himself said last week that it's "now or never" – and he's right.

About half the air pollution – and perhaps 90 percent in cities – is caused by automobiles. In December, Ralph Nader eloquently described to 21 congressmen how the big car companies fought anti-pollution every step of the way. For a long time they haughtily declined to testify before any federal, state or local body inquiring into the problem. Nowadays, General Motors and the others say they're "irrevocably committed to finding a solution to automotive emission problems at the earliest possible time." But Nader may still have a point when he insists that "these corporate autocrats will not begin to feel the urgency of the pollution crisis until they are touched by subpoenas [and] spurred by indictments." Mr. Nixon's spurs are fur-lined. His message certainly holds no hint he is thinking of subpoenaing or indicting any automobile maker. The manufacturers have assured him apparently that the cars of 1972 will use lead-free gasoline, thus making practicable the devices that cut down fumes. Then with luck by 1980 only about 20 million tons of carbon monoxide from cars, instead of 60 million tons, will be annually fouling the air. Thereafter, the amount of this deadly gas entering the atmosphere will probably increase again, because of more cars. Why wait until 1980? According to Nader and others, a device exists that can be installed on any car in a couple of hours, one that immediately cuts down emissions to well below strict air standards that are still only a gleam in the eyes of Mr. Nixon's new Council on Environmental Quality. This device uses natural gas instead of gasoline in heavy traffic where the most pollution from cars occurs. There was not a word about it in the President's message, which also ignored the pollution problems created by another powerful commercial interest, the airlines and their dirty jets, not to speak of the supersonic plane for which Mr. Nixon's budget furnishes a $275 million subsidy.

One thing the Administration isn't going to do about pollution is spend a lot of money. The federal $4 billion promised for sewage plants will really be spread over eight years, not four as the message implied, and only $50 million will be spent in fiscal 1971. Over five years the Administration will dole out an extra $20 million to help beef up state pollution control enforcement. Consumers, not the government or firms, are going to have to pay, through higher prices, for better cars, purer air and cleaner water.

Just Friends

A week before the three Yablonski murders Rep. Ken Hechler of West Virginia inserted in the *Congressional Record* correspondence between Joseph Yablonski's attorney Joseph L. Rauh, Jr. and the Labor Department. Rauh detailed in his letters a number of threats against Yablonski and his supporters and, in doing so, argued for the Department's intercession in the United Mine Workers election. One of the incidents involved Marion Pellegrini, a Yablonski supporter and an elected UMWA, District 5 executive board member who lives in Canonsburg, Pennsylvania. According to Rauh, Pellegrini had "twice been threatened on account of his public support of Mr. Yablonski, once by John Popp, a UMWA district representative and again by Stanley Budzik, a local union officer." Following the Yablonski slayings Pellegrini reportedly got an anonymous phone call in which he was told "you're next."

The allegations, reported in the January 31 issue of this journal, elicited a letter to the editor from Marion Pellegrini in which he denied ever having been threatened by Popp or Budzik. "I want to make it candidly clear," he wrote, "that at no time during the Yablonski campaign did Mr. John Popp or Mr. Stanley Budzik threaten me in any manner. The statement is entirely false and I therefore request that a retraction be made in your next issue of *The New Republic*. The story that I was twice threatened is true but the persons making such threats were unknown to me and I have so testified. A copy of this letter has been sent to Joseph L. Rauh, Jr."

As of February 11, Rauh had not received a copy of Pellegrini's demand for a retraction (dated January 30) but he had received a personal message from Pellegrini (January 26) pledging to continue Yablonski's work. In this letter Pellegrini wrote that he and several other men were circulating a petition to remove from union office two men who, Pellegrini said, slandered Yablonski during the campaign for the union's presidency. The officials – Michael Budzanoski and John Seddon – had "done more to crucify 'Jock' and the members of his family than any other member of his [President Boyle's] staff."

We have examined a signed notarized affidavit (August 1, 1969) in which Pellegrini certified: "After the meeting of the Margaum Local Union, where I had made a speech on behalf of Joseph Yablonski and where I had worked for his candidacy, I was approached by John Popp, a representative of the UMWA District 5 who stated that he was a friend of mine and wanted to warn me that I should be careful concerning this election. I am sure this warning was a threat." As for Budzik: "After the meeting of the employees of the Bologna Strip, which occurred on July 26, 1969, in Cecil, Pennsylvania, and where again I had worked on behalf of Joseph Yablonski, I was ap-

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proached by Stanley Budzik, a local union officer and a supporter of W. A. Boyle. Budzik told me that he personally wanted to warn me that I should watch my step concerning the nominations and elections. This was also a threat."

A phone call to Pellegrini February 9 resulted in the following clarification. One of the men accused of threatening Pellegrini, Budzik, "is perhaps one of my best friends. He himself at no time has ever threatened me." What about the affidavit? "It implies one thing but it meant something else." Budzik, a Boyle supporter had merely done the friendly thing and told Pellegrini that he might come to harm if he persisted in his support of Yablonski. "Those were more or less friendly warnings. Being friends of mine they more or less told me what could be expected if I continued. . . . At least that's the spirit I take it in." Pellegrini says that one of the men he once said had threatened him but now says did not, has himself now been threatened with a "beating up" because he threatened Pellegrini: "Fistfights are common, you know. If they just confine themselves to a punch in the nose or a black eye, it's not too bad." Pellegrini says he has no idea who hired the men who are charged with killing Joseph Yablonski, his wife and daughter.

Long Shot

According to *Congressional Quarterly*, which has researched the subject at the request of *The New Republic*, there have been 234 sons of Senators and Representatives of draft age since the US became militarily involved in Vietnam. More than half, 118, have received deferments. From 1965 through early 1970, the offspring of 49 members were in uniform, but none of them served in Vietnam; the sons or grandsons of 28 members did see service in Vietnam. None has been killed or listed missing. The son of Maryland's Congressman Clarence Long was wounded, twice, and in the same leg. That is the closest any of the 535 members of Congress has come to personal grief as a result of the war.

CQ says 19 members of Congress report having sons or grandsons who "saw combat"; the circumstances are not known. Only one Senator now has a son in Vietnam (Peter Dominick of Colorado); five Representatives have sons or grandsons there (Walter Baring of Nevada, Page Belcher of Oklahoma, Jeffery Cohelan and Charles Wiggins of California, and John Rhodes of Arizona). No one on the House Armed Services Committee has a son or a grandson who has done duty in Vietnam. Senators Aiken, Church, Ellender, Fannin, Fong, Griffin, Hart, Hartke, Hollings, Javits, Muskie, Pearson, Pell and Proxmire all are fathers or grandfathers of boys with student deferments. The son of Senator Case and grandson of Senator Bennett have occupational deferments. Senator Montoya's son got a marital deferment. Senator McCarthy's son is a conscientious objector. Senators Burdick, Cranston, Dodd, Goldwater, Everett Jordan and McGee have sons who flunked the physical – two each for Cranston, Goldwater, and McGee. Barry, Jr., son of Major General Goldwater, USAF Retired, is doing alternate service in the House of Representatives.

Sweet and Sour

To those who, unlike Governor Rockefeller, view with alarm the military drift of Latin American politics the past couple of years, there is good news from Costa Rica. Pepe Figueres, who easily won the presidency in the election of February 1 was not merely the Liberal candidate: he is one of the all-time good guys, like Betancourt of Venezuela and Muñoz-Marin of Puerto Rico. To be sure, Costa Rica is neither big nor typical. There are few countries in the world which would not gain by exchanging problems with Costa Rica. Still, it is the first of several Latin American countries to hold presidential elections in 1970. If the others do half as well, democratic government in the Western Hemisphere will be a good deal stronger at the end of 1970 than it appeared at the end of 1969.

The joy is not unalloyed, however. Old liberals deserve to be honored, but a liberal party which does not generate new leadership is dead. Muñoz Marín and Betancourt stood aside in favor of new leadership in their countries' most recent elections, and no one stepped forward except old party hacks. Both were defeated by candidates from the right. Figueres was probably influenced by the experience of his two old friends, in his decision to personally lead his party once again. In doing so, he proved that a liberal can win in Latin America, but he also contributed to growing evidence that the democratic movement in Latin America, like the Democratic Party in the United States is threatened by a bankruptcy in leadership.

COMING: a commentary on LBJ's TV account of his Vietnam policy — by Townsend Hoopes

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Justice for All On the Defensive

Once again, the future of the Legal Services Program (LSP) of the Office of Economic Opportunity (OEO) is being threatened by success. Its attorneys have been winning class action suits against a wide array of government agencies. The result: brush fires from coast to coast that may wipe out what many regard as the most useful program we have for the poor.

A compendium of current local controversies prepared by John Robb, an Albuquerque attorney who is chairman of the Standing Committee on Legal Aid and Indigent Defendants for the American Bar Assn., shows how imperiled LSP is – and only weeks after Congress refused to enact the Murphy Amendment, which would have given the governors veto power over the program.

In three cities – St. Louis, Oklahoma City, and Albuquerque – suits or threatened suits have been responsible, wholly or in part, for withdrawal of United Fund support. This cuts where it hurts, since local communities must put up 20 percent of the cost in dollars or services, and the Fund is the usual means of doing this. A suit against the local housing authority triggered the UF action in Oklahoma City; in St. Louis, a class action against a governmental agency did it; in Albuquerque, it was sparked by a statement that the legal aid society intended to prosecute police misconduct.

The bar association in Camden, N.J., withdrew its support after LSP attorneys filed three actions against the police and a suit against the Urban Renewal Authority to require more adequate provision for relocating poverty residents displaced by urban rehabilitation. There is a particular irony here. Terry Lenzner, OEO's LSP director in Washington, reports that the Camden suits were filed after its program was evaluated—and found wanting because it had not shown enough concern for the problems of its poor clients.

The Los Angeles story tells us something about the reaction of local police to intercession in behalf of the poor. The Western Center for Law and Poverty, sponsored by the University of Southern California, is under heavy fire for seeking an injunction against the police department and its officers, because of alleged violations of human rights. Reprisals include threats to withdraw police and other municipal services from the university unless it disassociates itself from the legal aid program.

The list is long. Controversies have cropped up in several other California towns, in Connecticut, Florida, the District of Columbia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Massachusetts, Minnesota, New York, North Carolina, Ohio, Washington, West Virginia and Wisconsin. "Everywhere we've had programs that are aggressive and effective, we've had reaction," Lenzner says.

Robb goes into it more deeply. A Republican and member of one of the largest and most prestigious law firms in the Southwest, he notes that LSP attorneys are "aggressively handling cases against established and entrenched political, economic and social forces in the community from the landlord to the finance company to the Department of Public Welfare. These defendants are retaliating. The most controversial of these actions have generally involved suits against government agencies, such as welfare departments, public housing authorities. The most controversial of all have involved suits against police departments and police officers, usually arising out of claimed law violations by these defendants, including brutality cases. In many communities substantial segments of the public get upset when attacks are made against 'their' sacred institutions. This is particularly true of police cases where the public, concerned about increasing crime rates, feel that the police must be sheltered even against their own misconduct, inasmuch as the police are their last line of defense."

Robb hopes to rouse the ABA once more. Last fall, the ABA did help, and in 60 days rallied to prevent passage of the Murphy Amendment. It has had an excellent record on legal services since 1965. Robb notes that "the bar has always prided itself on its representation of unpopular clients and causes" and hopes it can be stirred to further action now.

In his memo on LSP's problems, Robb says: "Particularly vicious is the concept that the poor should be entitled to representation only in noncontroversial cases or those approved of by a majority of the people. Equal justice requires counsel to provide the pass key to the courts. In no way does this concept depend upon the popularity of the client's cause."

Despite the growing pressure against LSP, the picture has some bright patches. OEO Director Don Rumsfeld is firmly behind the program. An example: The St. Louis dispute led to a veto of the entire Community Action Program in that city by Gov. Warren Hearnes. Rumsfeld overrode the veto. LSP is also attracting some of the brightest law graduates from the best schools and supplementing them with young attorneys who are leaving what Lenzner describes as "pretty good firms" to work for LSP. Last year, about 50 to 60 of the graduates of Harvard and Yale law schools applied for LSP fellowships, many of them passing up tempting offers from Wall Street firms.

If Robb can carry the ABA with him and Rumsfeld doesn't cave in, the young attorneys of LSP may be able to broaden the application of law and order with justice to include the poor and minority groups. The concept is not broad enough in most communities to include them now.

Paul R. Wieck

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The Nixon Watch

Chicken, Southern Fried

"Okay," said the Nixon man, "so we laid the egg and then we had to build the chicken."

The egg was Vice President Spiro T. Agnew's disclosure February 1, on CBS's *Face the Nation*, that the President had decided to appoint "a Cabinet-level group" to guide and comfort the South through the agonies of integrating its segregated public schools without any more of the delay that parts of it have been getting away with since 1954. The chicken that had to be "built" was not so much the group itself as a decent and believable definition of what it is supposed to accomplish and of how that is to be done. This turned out to be oddly difficult, considering the fact that the President himself intended to announce his decision to establish the Cabinet group at his press conference on the preceding Friday. He left the honor to Agnew because nobody asked Nixon for his reaction to the Supreme Court's recent series of rulings to the effect that after February 1 only completely integrated and "unitary" school systems would be acceptable. "This is something," Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler said the day after Agnew said the President would "shortly announce" his decision, "that the President has had in mind ever since the Supreme Court established the law." He meant, since October 29, when the Supreme Court astounded the Administration and Attorney General John N. Mitchell by holding that the time for "all deliberate speed" in school integration has ended and that "the obligation of every school district is to terminate dual school systems at once."

The Attorney General had assumed and had led the President to assume, as Mitchell said later in an interview, that "the Court would respect the Administration's wishes" for some further delay in the 40 Mississippi, Louisiana and South Carolina cases before it, and then for continuing judicial recognition that true integration of historically segregated school systems is a hard and complicated task. This assumption underlay Mitchell's basic doctrine, which he formulated and expressed (to me, among others) before Nixon was elected, that as a matter both of political wisdom and of constitutional propriety, the courts rather than the Executive branch of the federal government should bear the burden and onus of enforcing racial integration of public schools in the South and – if it came to that – elsewhere. In accordance with his view, the Attorney General last year brought about a rapid and major shift of enforcement responsibility from the Department of Health, Education and Welfare to the Justice Department and, through Justice, to the federal courts. It was in the knowledge that this would happen if he were elected that Nixon encouraged Southern segregationists to believe in 1968 that they could expect at least as much sympathy and protection from him in the White House as they were promised by his third-party rival, George C. Wallace. As Wallace is saying now, the Southerners who fell for this aspect of Nixon's "Southern strategy" were thoroughly deceived. Attorney General Mitchell has run up a good record of enforcement, better than he is generally given credit for and better in some respects than that of his Democratic predecessors. But his actions have been rooted in the assumption described – that the federal courts and especially the Supreme Court, with a Nixon Chief Justice at its head, would hold short of the demand for integration "at once" that the Court proclaimed in October and has sustained in several subsequent decisions.

It follows that the White House was no better prepared than the recalcitrant South was for the situation in which Mr. Nixon and his Southern friends find themselves. Given the record of equivocation that he had behind him when he took office, and the disgraceful continuance of it through much of last year by HEW Secretary Robert Finch and the Attorney General (in their spoken pronouncements as distinct from their official actions), the President is in a poor position to ask for belief in his good faith in setting up his Cabinet group that the subordinates working on it for him do ask. Certain accompanying circumstances do not improve Mr. Nixon's position. Agnew, who is to be the group's chairman, said that it was being established "for the purpose of implementing the decisions of the Court in the least disruptive way to quality education in the South." How is this to be done if Presidential mediators are not to take a hand in HEW and Justice enforcement and compliance procedures, if they are not in effect "a point of appeal" for aggrieved segregators? One is asked to believe that the Cabinet group will not do that and won't be that. Senator Strom Thurmond, the South Carolina Republican who did much in 1968 to persuade the lower South, on Nixon's behalf, that its white segregationists could expect sympathy and help from President Nixon, recommended to the White House "the creation of a Presidential commission to study the effects of court-ordered integration" well before Agnew announced the intention. One is asked to believe that the White House assistants who developed the idea with Mr. Nixon and are implementing it for him – among them being Special Counsel Harry Dent, Thurmond's former assistant – didn't know that Thurmond had said a word to anybody at the White House about it. Senator John Stennis of Mississippi, leading an effort to frighten non-Southern Senators into lightening integrationist pressure upon the South by demanding that the same pressure be applied everywhere, found the President's move "a very significant thing" and said "It is none too soon." Senator John McClellan of Arkansas want-

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ed to know, "What power does the panel have to modify the impact of recent Supreme Court decisions?" and suggested that if it is to have no such power "this is just another gesture." Senator Fritz Hollings, Thurmond's moderate Democratic colleague, skeptically recommended that Agnew and his group favor segregated Northern rather than Southern schools with their attention, and Congressman John R. Rarick of Texas saw in the whole thing a "new rape of the South." But Southern Congressmen mostly welcomed it with an enthusiasm that Mr. Nixon, longing to be thought only in pursuit of ways to maintain "quality education" in integrated schools, could not have relished.

For reasons to be stated, I give the President the benefit of the doubt until further notice. The fact is, given the Supreme Court's current stand, no Presidential group, commission or committee – the style of it was yet to be determined on February 11 – can be an effective "point of appeal" or do much more than rally whatever enlightened community support there may be in the beleaguered school districts for compliance with declared law. The identities of the two men upon whom the President principally relied to build his chicken for him are also reassuring. One of them is Mr. Nixon's (and Mr. Mitchell's) former law partner, Leonard Garment, now a White House assistant charged with staff oversight of racial and integregationist matters. If Len Garment cannot be trusted to act in good faith in such an endeavor, nobody at the Nixon White House can be. The other man in the hatchery is Secretary of Labor George Shultz, who is to be the Cabinet group's vice chairman.

The day after Agnew disclosed the plan, in terms said to be substantially inaccurate, the President assigned Shultz to do for this project essentially what he did last summer for the Administration's welfare reforms. That was to closet himself with a mass of documented alternative approaches and come up with a workable synthesis of what was wanted and what was practicable. He reported his findings on the following Saturday, at a meeting of Cabinet designated panelists and staff assistants (when Agnew, the front-man chairman, was in California, playing golf with Bob Hope and beaning a touring professional). The thrust of Shultz's synthesis was that the Cabinet group should stay clear of enforcement and complaints about it; capitalize to the limit upon Attorney General Mitchell's and Vice President Agnew's ill-won but useful standing with white Southerners; and – as Garment also recommended – put big money and real effort into generating support for and compliance with the law and court requirements in the afflicted states. It was recognized, with something less than total happiness, that the Administration was abandoning the Mitchell strategy of leaving the political onus with the courts. In effect, Mr. Nixon was asked to take a chance that compliance with the law and elemental decency may be the best politics open to him now.

John Osborne

It Didn't Happen . . . I Didn't Know . . . They Deserved It

Mental Gymnastics on Mylai

by Edward M. Opton, Jr., and Robert Duckles

A fictional German psychiatrist, the creation of satirist Art Hoppe, tells his American patient who is troubled by Mylai to repeat three times a day: "I didn't know what was going on. These things happen in war. I was only following orders as a good American. Our soldiers are good American boys. The war is to save the world from Communism. Our leaders were wrong. The unfortunate victims were members of an inferior race." With a single exception, Hoppe's compilation of German cliches after the "Final Solution," accurately summarizes American reactions to Mylai, as they emerged in a survey we and our colleagues at The Wright Institute in Berkeley, California, made last December.

Our sample was not large – most of our data come from 42 long interviews with randomly selected telephone subscribers in Oakland, California, plus four in-person interviews – but the results are consistent with larger, less intensive surveys by the *Wall Street Journal*, *Minneapolis Tribune*, and *Time*. *Time* reported that 65 percent of its sample of 1608 individuals denied being upset by the news of the alleged massacre at Mylai. Americans have reacted like Germans to re-

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ports of atrocities. During one interview, an airline hostess was asked to inspect the *Life* magazine photographs of Mylai. As she viewed the mangled bodies and the contorted faces of those about to die she trembled, her chin dropped to her chest, her eyes closed to shut the pictures out. For several seconds she seemed unable to move. But she recovered quickly, for we then asked, "You said before that you weren't surprised. Do you have any other reactions besides that?" She responded: "No, I don't . . . It . . . when people are taught to hate it doesn't surprise me how they react, particularly when they are given a weapon; it just seems to be one of the outcomes of war . . ." Another said: "I can't take the responsibility of the world on my shoulders too strongly myself . . . it upsets me. I'm having my problems and can't take this stuff too seriously, since it causes me worries and problems."

In 1946 Moses Moskowitz reported on a survey of German opinion: "The most striking overall impression is the absence in the German of any emotional reaction toward Jews, be it positive or negative. It was shocking at times to listen to people decrying the evils of Nazism, reciting the horrors of concentration camps . . . without one word of sympathy for the victims."

One would expect S/Sgt. David Mitchell, one of the accused in the Mylai case, to say: ". . .I can recall no such case where I know of anyone being hurt. . . . it is my opinion that what they say happened did not happen." And one might expect the same response from George Wallace: "I can't believe an American serviceman would purposely shoot any civilian . . . any atrocities in this war were caused by the Communists." But total denial is by no means confined to those implicated in the alleged massacre, or to superpatriots. A man who felt that the US should, but cannot, get out of Vietnam, told us: "Our boys wouldn't do this. Something else is behind it." Another complete denial came from a woman, who at one moment advocated withdrawal by the end of 1970 but also endorsed the idea of escalating and winning the war, no matter what the consequences, *but* without killing innocent people. As for Mylai: "It's too unbelievable that they would do something like that." Another, asked if he believed the massacre really happened, said: "I can't really and truly. No, I don't. I think it could have been a prefabricated story by a bunch of losers."

Strong doubts serve the same purpose as complete denial. "Anything could happen. How do we know what's going on?" asked a man who wanted the war escalated. One of several individuals who felt so threatened by the subject that they cut off the interview in the middle, said: "No, sometimes I don't [believe that the massacre happened]. Sometimes I think that our newspapermen get a little bit wild."

One of the principal justifications our respondents offered was the idea that orders must be followed. Even some of the more dovish respondents gave statements like this: "What would their punishment have been if they had disobeyed? Do they get shot if they don't shoot someone else?" And from another "moderate" dove: "They were given an order to do something. They will shoot you if you don't. They had no choice."

Only a few recalled that some of the GIs *had* refused to shoot. One of those few was asked what the men should have done. He said: "What a lot of them did, refuse. Quite a few of them refused. Fact is, I even read where one of them shot himself in the foot so he would be evacuated, so he wouldn't have any part of it." When asked what they personally would have done if ordered to line up people and kill them, 74 percent of women said they would have refused, but only 27 percent of men. Those over 36 more often favored putting the enlisted men who did the shooting on trial than did those under 36, and slightly more of the older group expressly said that the men should have disobeyed orders to kill civilians.

The idea that whatever happened was justified by orders received implies a projection of guilt to somewhere higher up, and a number of our respondents made this explicit. Germans, similarly, tended to blame the German war crimes on Hilter, their leaders, the National Socialist party, the SS, or on military fanatics. But the idea that Germans, as individuals, might have been responsible for selection and tolera-

"My client is not a war criminal! He was one of the silent majority, merely following orders."

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tion of their leaders was steadfastly rejected. While the question of responsibility was not specifically asked of our predominantly dovish sample, *no one extended the scope of responsibility to himself in particular or the American people in general.*

Another popular justification was the idea that the alleged victims were not really civilians, but enemies: "Now had these civilians, had these women set booby traps for these people?" Another man who felt he was a "dove" ("I'd hate to say I'm a hawk"), yet who wanted the US to "let out the stops," said: "These little bastards are devious," implying in context that the women and children were not really innocent bystanders.

None of those interviewed said that Mylai was justified as revenge for NLF actions, but many seemed to *think* so: "I understand that the Vietcong, from the start, have bombed school yards, schoolhouses, movie theaters, restaurants . . . just worthless bombing and it's killing innocent people by the score. And these are their own people."

There was, however, one justification reportedly used by post-war Germans which we did not hear. Our respondents, with one exception, did *not* tell us that, as Art Hoppe put it, "the unfortunate victims were members of an inferior race." Both hawk and dove respondents often said that GIs tend to look on Vietnamese civilians as subhumans, as "gooks," "slopes," "dinks." But with the one exception ("I think it's true"), every subject coupled this awareness of racial prejudice in others with an abstention from publicly subscribing to it himself.

The various ways of defusing the emotional potential of Mylai were used by hawks and doves alike, though not in equal proportions. Hawks, more than others, tended to justify the alleged massacre. Both hawks and doves argued in one way or another that no massacre happened. The doves tended to comfort themselves with the thought that Mylais occurred in every war, hence they need not be upset. Whether it is Vietnamese peasants or one's next-door neighbor, emotional detachment makes it possible to keep one's attention and concern focused on Number One. No evil intent is necessary for men to tolerate, or even reluctantly to applaud war crimes, all that is required is self-centeredness.

A Space Shuttle System in Search of a Mission

$10 Billion More for Space?

by Ralph E. Lapp

A new space project is being unveiled that could rival the Safeguard ABM as a waste of money. Known as STS for Space Transportation System, it is a nonmilitary program of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration for ferrying heavy payloads into Earth orbits. In its initial installments, it will cost about the same as Safeguard or about $10 billion. Although a NASA budget item, STS is an Air Force finesse to pave the way for a space-bomber or interceptor.

On February 4-6 representatives of NASA, industry and the military met in a classified conference at Patrick Air Force Base, Florida to discuss plans for STS. Why all the secrecy? The space agency is supposed to be out-in-the-open; in fact, this has been a distinctive feature of the NASA space flights. Are we now keeping secrets from the Soviets – or from Americans who might question the basic mission of this new space project?

It's clear that powerful forces are acting in concert to promote the new venture. NASA, suffering post-Apollo blues, seeks a new lease on life and a means to keep its budget from sliding to obscurity in this decade. Industry, especially the aerospace giants, is desperately hunting for new contracts. The Air Force seeks a place in space and sees in the NASA project the development of an orbital bomber.

Aerospace industries represent the hard core of the military-industrial complex since they account for more than half of the prime military contract awards and are generally very large corporations with plenty of political clout. In the last decade aerospace sales totaled $200 billion, with about $40 billion representing spacecraft contracts. NASA alone has given the top ten aerospace firms over $20 billion in contracts in the sixties, or roughly two-thirds of its entire procurement. Its number 1 contractor, North American Rockwell, received over $7 billion in NASA awards.

Over half of all NASA contract dollars have gone

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to four contractors – McDonnell Douglas, Grumman and Boeing, in addition to North American. This represents a much higher concentration of contracts than in the top echelons of the Pentagon's procurement. Thus a relatively small number of aerospace firms are lining up to win NASA's space shuttle award. Lockheed, General Electric, Martin Marietta, General Dynamics and United Aircraft must be added to the line-up. Their corporate fortunes, as represented by record lows on the stock market, make it clear that the military-industrial complex is ill and in need of federal transfusions.

The sickness of the military-industrial complex has afflicted the Air Force, producing trauma in the strategic forces of the latter. Though the Air Force has deployed 1000 Minuteman missiles and is refurbishing them with MIRV (multiple, independently targeted reentry vehicles), it has been forced to genuflect to the Army. The Army's Safeguard program has been justified on the basis of having to defend the Minuteman land-based missiles against the threat of even more powerful Soviet missiles. The Air Force's missile future is bleak.

Understandably, the Air Force seeks some way out of its continental dilemma. It looks to space systems, specifically to an orbital device. Twice before it has tried to jump into space; twice it has seen its projects cancelled before they reached the half-way point.

Its Dyna-Soar project aimed at orbiting men in a glider, but Defense Secretary McNamara abruptly cancelled this in 1963. Some $400 million had been spent on the Dyna-Soar, but NASA's two-man orbital Gemini spacecraft beat it to the post.

The Manned Orbiting Laboratory (MOL), which replaced Dyna-Soar, was a $3.2 billion program designed to put two men in an orbital vehicle by 1972. Last June MOL, with not quite half of its funds expended, was killed by a White House economy ax. The apparent serenity with which the Air Force accepted its second strike-out in space made some observers wonder whether a deal had been made to give it some part of a future space program.

Last October Lt. Gen. Samuel C. Phillips tipped the Air Force's hand. He told the *Washington Post*'s alert military reporter George C. Wilson that it was "damn important" for the Air Force to assign a high priority to "this space shuttle to allow us to exploit the space medium." The Air Force sees in NASA's space shuttle a Phoenix rising from the now cold ashes of Dyna-Soar and MOL.

Before examining the feathers of this new bird, it is necessary to describe NASA's STS program. Multipurpose in nature, the space shuttle is aimed at transporting space crews and orbital cargo from Earth to low orbits. The cargo may include construction material, fuel and equipment for satellites, for lunar missions or even for a Martian journey.

To date NASA has used Saturn boosters to inject heavy payloads into orbit, as much as 140 tons at a time. But a rocket flight like Saturn V costs over a quarter billion dollars per mission. STS aims at reducing these high costs of space-trucking. "It's costing this country one thousand dollars a pound to put a payload into earth orbit and return it to earth," North American Rockwell vice-president Robert Anderson observed. He indicated that industry aims at bringing this cost down to $50 a pound, explaining: "The key to economy will be reusable space shuttles, spacecraft that journey out to orbit and then return intact on their own power and land just like an airplane."

Basically, there are three ways to accomplish this space trick. All three techniques focus on a combination booster-orbiter system in which the orbiting vehicle is about the size of a Boeing 727. They differ most markedly in the booster component which we may classify as nonusable, partially reusable and fully reusable.

The first class resembles Saturn rockets in that the booster is expendable. However, industry designs contemplate a simpler solid-fuel first stage that cuts rocket costs. One design weighs seven million pounds (even more than the Apollo moon rocket) and stands 377 feet high. Its second stage is an expendable liquid oxy-hydrogen rocket.

The partially reusable shuttle features first-stage fuel tanks that drop off when empty. A gang of four to eight oxy-hydrogen engines generate up to four million pounds of thrust. The orbiter plane boosted up from Earth weighs a quarter million pounds.

Finally the fully reusable system employs a design that allows the booster section of the spacecraft to be recovered and used again. Five different designs have been proposed. One is called the Triamese concept and features a side-by-side arrangement of three identical rockets. After being launched vertically, the two outer rockets exhaust their rocket thrust and separate from the "sandwiched" orbiter, returning some 200 miles to the launch site by deploying stubby wings and jet engines.

Once it attains the necessary velocity, the orbiter coasts up to its desired altitude 100 to 300 miles above the Earth's surface. It uses on-board electronics to rendezvous with an orbital station and to dock. After its orbital sojourn, the shuttle craft de-orbits and, unlike the Gemini or Apollo capsules that fireball their way on a ballistic arc through the Earth's atmosphere, it proceeds at hypersonic speed to maneuver below an altitude of 400,000 feet. This is an almost unknown zone for lifting vehicles to operate in, and much research needs to be done to perfect a reliable flight pattern. The object is to pilot the craft to any one of a number of spaceports rather than splashing down in the ocean or returning to a single rocket base.

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The terminal phase of the flight is accomplished at subsonic speeds and the craft is designed to emulate a commercial airliner.

The space agency has already awarded two $2.9 million contracts to North American Rockwell and McDonnell Douglas for preliminary studies of the STS. Later this month NASA will put out requests for industry proposals to firm up specifications for the shuttle. President Nixon's budget for the next fiscal year will spend only $65 million for the shuttle development, whereas NASA is understood to have asked for $175 million.

The space shuttle, STS, is a vastly more difficult undertaking than the Supersonic Transport (SST), but it would be strictly a federally financed project with no corporate funds chipped in. Whether or not the design objective of cutting orbital injection costs down to $50 a pound can be achieved depends not only on the total program cost, estimated at a minimum of $10 billion, but much more critically on the number of missions each craft could and *would* fly. Setting a goal of $50 a pound for lifting cargo into orbit tends to bypass a more fundamental issue, namely, what objectives in space are worth the price? Inevitably, this question transforms itself into another – what is the value of putting men in space?

Make no mistake about it, the space shuttle is NASA's attempt, with an assist from the Air Force, to perpetuate the dominance of a manned space program. In this connection the distinguished space scientist, Dr. James A. Van Allen, gave the House Committee on Science and Astronautics some down-to-earth advice. "If, on a purely pragmatic basis, one or more men in the spacecraft is the cost effective technique for conducting any one of these missions, let it be done in that mode," the Iowa physicist counseled, having detailed missions dealing with meteorology, communications and scientific surveys. "But if, as I anticipate, this is not the case, let us not grieve nor devote ourselves to the invention of specious and inane reasons."

In the past decade the US government spent over $50 billion on space activities, with NASA accounting for $36 billion of the sum. Manned spaceflight has taken the lion's share of NASA's money. The development and construction of huge rockets and "man-rated" spacecraft [reliable enough to be used for manned missions] have been the principal items of expense. NASA has, for example, accumulated $4.5 billion in space facilities largely in a "golden arc" across the Gulf states. We have created a space monster on Earth and it demands to be fed. It is simply an appendage of the military-industrial complex.

The space agency and the Air Force already have a stable of space workhorses capable of carting formidable payloads into orbit. NASA's document "Launch Vehicle Estimating Factors; January, 1970" itemizes existing and planned rockets (1970-74) as including heavyweights like Saturn IB, Saturn V, Titan IIIB, C, D, Titan IIID and a whole series of solid-fuel boosters using clusters of 156-inch diameter motors as well as a 260-inch booster. There's plenty of space horsepower in NASA's barn to launch almost any size vehicle to prove man's worth in space.

Space enthusiasts like Wernher von Braun and NASA bureaucrats are assuming that an orbital population of men will be of practical value, whereas, as Dr. Van Allen asserts, this is not probable. Dr. Van Allen is not a NASA employee, although he does receive NASA support, but the writer has talked with officials in the space agency who believe that the space shuttle is utter folly. One space scientist-administrator told me: "The astronauts and engineers are still in charge of the space program. Space science is an afterthought." In a sense the inner NASA struggle is an opposition of the Von Braun "conquer space" forces and the Van Allen "let's explore the solar system" science advocates.

The writer has studied a NASA analysis of space shuttle economics that makes it appear feasible to reach the goal of $50 per pound for thrusting things into orbit. However, the analysis writes off the huge research and development effort and simply amortizes the production costs of the shuttle. A more realistic approach is to add up program costs and amortize these over the production run. But even if, by some kink of accounting, shuttle costs could reach the $50 per pound level, this achievement would mean little unless the payload was worth the mission.

Putting a man into orbit at $50 per pound would seem quite cheap, but one can't multiply $50 by 150 pounds for this exercise. More to the point, one uses a round figure of one ton per person to take into account life-support and man-rating for the vehicle. This means $200,000 per person. But if one uses program costs rather than production costs, it appears that the figure would be closer to $1 million. The latter would be realized only if the shuttle carried a full cabin of 20 passengers, making each mission $20 million.

No one counted costs in the heroic days of Mercury, Gemini and Apollo, but times have changed and public accounting of spacemanship seems indicated. The balance on which to weigh man's value in orbit has tilted heavily to one side, favoring the use of unmanned instruments. Professor Van Allen recently illustrated the virtuosity of instruments when he described "an heroic little fellow, Explorer 35, which has been orbiting the moon since 22 July 1967." Devised and built by Van Allen and several Iowa students, the instrument package weighs 2.2 pounds and uses 7/10 of one watt of electrical power. "It does not sleep," comments Van Allen, "it requires no oxygen, no food, no toothpaste *and no sanitary facilities.*"

Given severe competition by unmanned devices, it appears understandable that NASA is not about to

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kick the Air Force out of its bed. Military justifications for space programs can always be used – or, at least, have been – to ram dubious projects through any congressional barricade. The Air Force justification for MOL seemed almost mystical, but it was good enough to see the expenditure of $1.4 billion prior to contract termination. We must therefore look more closely at what the Air Force may have in mind for NASA's space shuttle.

The tried-and-true formula for funding a space program is to disclose, hint or otherwise make it plausible that the Soviets have a similar project already under way. Thus, members of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy "revealed" year after year that the Soviets were about to unveil a nuclear-powered aircraft. (The US spent $1.3 billion on its own A-bomber before closing down the project. The Soviets have yet to roll their mythical plane onto a runway.) The very fact that the Russians *might* be developing an orbital bomber is sufficient to win support on Capitol Hill for a parallel project. On February 5 *The New York Times* ran a page 1 story, "Soviet Satellite Destroyer Is Believed to Be in Orbit." The *Times* did not say that the story was based on an October-November 1968 orbital event.

Congress is sympathetic to a military orbital project because the Soviets were reported to have tested a Fractional Orbital Bombardment System (FOBS). Secretary McNamara resisted pressure to develop and deploy a FOBS on the basis that it was of very little military value, primarily an inaccurate system for knocking out strategic bomber bases.

Now that MIRV has entered the strategic picture, a FOBS or MOBS (multiple orbital bombardment system, i.e., one that makes more than one circuit around the earth) may be promoted as a platform for dispatching weapons from orbit. This would be a technical possibility, although it has a number of military drawbacks. Dropping "nuclear eggs" from an orbiter is feasible when the aim points line up along the shadow path of the vehicle. A FOBS can be aimed to sight on a string of aim points. But a MOBS is only lined up once in many orbits since the earth rotates on its axis while the satellite-bomber moves in a fixed plane. Since it is most unlikely that a MOBS would find more than one target directly underneath its orbit, this means that each MIRV would have to be deorbited *and* de-planed. That is to say, each MIRV would have to be displaced from the direction of the MOBS; such a maneuver from orbit is very expensive in terms of propellant weight, much more so than in the case of MIRVs dispatched from a ballistic ICBM. Furthermore, the accuracy of such an orbitally dispatched weapon is inferior to ICBM accuracy. In addition, a MOBS moving about the earth in a fixed orbit is highly vulnerable to offensive action by a satellite-killer. (And this assumes that MOBS are actually in orbit at the time war begins; prior to that time a MOBS launch site may be highly vulnerable.)

The Air Force probably has in sight a hypersonic plane capable of operating in the 100,000 to 400,000 foot range of altitude, although it might operate initially as an orbiter. The latter qualification is highly important since Article IV of the Outer Space Treaty of 1967, which the US signed, says "States Parties to the Treaty undertake not to place in orbit around the Earth any objects carrying nuclear weapons or any other kinds of weapons of mass destruction, install such weapons on celestial bodies, or station such weapons in outer space in any other manner."

The treaty does not define "outer space" so as to exclude zones of rarefied atmosphere from weapon entries. Would a hypersonic bomber carrying nuclear weapons be a violation of the agreement? On May 2, 1968 Secretary of State Dean Rusk stressed the importance of the treaty, commenting that ". . . it prohibits a potential arms race in space, with all the added tension and fear that could cause." Apart from the moot point of the hypersonic bomber, the fact is that the treaty does not sever the umbilical cord connecting weapons systems to their womb. Nothing is prohibited by way of weapon system development, merely its deployment. Obviously, the United States would be guilty of an act of bad faith if it built such a strike force. But it is disquieting that the Air Force should be taking such an active role in NASA's shuttle; it encourages the suspicion that it is seeking a civilian "cover" for a piece of military hardware.

NASA had a small but bitter taste of Air Force "cover" operations in the instance of the U-2 affair, but since then its skies have been clear of such dark clouds. It's constantly harassed by Air Force security classification of orbital pictures and certain satellite applications, but these troubles have not been aired. They will crop up, however, if NASA mans a large orbital space device equipped with telescopic photography. Then we would see a SECRET room in a NASA space station reserved for military intelligence.

However one views the proposed space shuttle system, it, like the Safeguard ABM, is in search of a mission. It's one more example of technology leading man by the nose to do things just because they are possible. In the space shuttle, we also have powerful military, industrial and bureaucratic forces at work. Given this space imbroglio, the matter deserves to be yanked out of the parochial stewardship of the congressional space committees and examined more fully, as in the case of the Safeguard program. As Senator William Proxmire expressed it to me: "Spending billions to build the space shuttle-space station system isn't going to cure a sick child, provide a college education, build a house, feed a hungry family, or produce any tangible benefits here on Earth. Aside from potential military uses, which NASA expressly disclaims, I can see no justification at all for giving NASA the green light to build such a system."

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

The Molly Maguires

(Paramount)

End of the Road

(Allied Artists)

The Molly Maguires were a group of Irishmen in the Pennsylvania coal mines in the 1870s who murdered and dynamited in a fight to change the wretched conditions under which miners worked and lived. They were a splinter group of the more moderate Ancient Order of Hibernians which had been founded in the mother country thirty years before to combat the absentee English landlords. The splinter group had got its name in Ireland because the men had often worn women's clothes as disguises in their anti-landlord raids. In the Pennsylvania coal fields, as in Ireland, there were differences in policy, not in conviction, between the A. O. H. and the Molly Maguires.

This film is based on fact. The mine owners engaged the Pinkerton detective agency to uncover the Maguires. Pinkerton sent in a young Irishman named James McParlan who called himself James McKenna, went to work in the mines, and wormed his way into the Mollies. In *Toil and Trouble*, his history of the US labor movement, Thomas R. Brooks says: "McParlan, possibly the first labor spy in American labor history, [ingratiated himself with the Mollies] in the manner of the Vautrins the world over, by suggesting ever greater deeds of terror and intimidation." On the testimony that McParlan gave after he fingered men for arrest, fourteen Mollies were imprisoned "and ten – the guilty along with the innocent – were hanged." The Mollies were crushed.

What a good subject. What a soft, stilted, and slow film. Here are some of its troubles. The script, by Walter Bernstein, insists on a silly "obligatory" love story between the spy and his pretty young landlady. The spidery machinations of the police chief drain the menace into melodrama. The Technicolor tends to prettify instead of heighten; I realize that my longing for black-and-white (in some cases) is getting to be a little like longing for the return of silent film, still the director, Martin Ritt, often thinks he's making his film simply by letting miners' lighted helmets flutter goldenly in the dark. The performances of the two leading actors, Richard Harris (as McParlan) and Sean Connery (the leader of the Mollies), are flabby. But the main trouble is that the film never closes with its theme or its drama.

The theme, which is particularly apt today, is the conflict between two means of change: evolution and violence. Bernstein's script only flirts with the theme, just enough to give the story a contemporary smack, without real exploration or resolution or even mere preference.

The drama, if there is to be one, is in the character of the spy. But the film doesn't give him much of a character and therefore doesn't have much drama. Externally, he is not much threatened by discovery – not to any pitch of excitement. Internally, nothing happens in him, from beginning to end. I don't suggest that history ought to have been tampered with, that McParlan ought to have been so touched by the miners' plight that he switched allegiance, confessed his identity, and *really* joined the Mollies. Yet to choose a protagonist who is unswerving and unaffected throughout – without even making dramatic capital of that fact – is to center your film on a block of stuff, a unit in an equation, not a man. McParlan gives his reasons for his actions, but they remain a dossier, rather skimpy; his experiences do not test those reasons or affirm them or affect him in any way. In fact, they affect him so little that he seriously expects his young landlady, a miner's daughter, to love him and go away with him after he has testified against the Mollies and after they are sentenced. In the whole role there is only one potentially interesting scene – at the end when Harris visits the condemned Connery. The latter scoffs at him, saying that the spy has come for forgiveness but that he isn't going to get it. Then Ritt and Bernstein throw the scene away, and again descend to cliché, by having Connery lose his temper and attack Harris. If this had not happened, Harris's exit line – "See you in hell" – as he leaves Connery to the gallows, would have had some bite.

Ritt has had a very hot-and-cold directing career, some solid work like *Hud* and *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold*, some duds (usually pretentious) like *The Outrage* and *The Brotherhood*. The material of *The Molly Maguires* sounded well-fitted to him and I looked forward to one of the rare films about American labor with some grit and stink in it, but he seems trapped between diversionary picturesqueness and some numbing timidities. Among his few vital cinematic ideas is the opening shot: the sun (a telling way to begin a film about miners) from which we descend slowly into the pits. There are harsh Dickensian glimpses of children sorting coal and of the men fighting the seams at the coal face. But for the most part, the best moments are reminders of *How Green Was My Valley*. Much of the rest, like the saloon brawl and the wanton destruction of the company store, feed into nothing centrally important, so they remain almost set-pieces in a picture that circumnavigates its issues.

Still, this same script, more or less shot and edited as it is, would have more force if the two leading roles were well played. Richard Harris's first big role, in *This Sporting Life* (1963), was a miner turned footballer. (Here he is a miner who plays football only once.) In Lindsay Anderson's film he seemed to smash through the screen; and occasionally since then, he has had something of the same power – for instance, in Peckinpah's *Major Dundee*. But for the most part he has been taking it for granted that he is forceful and dynamic without summoning up any energy to substantiate it. As McParlan he is just a big man with a gassy voice, assuming in a pervasively conceited way that he is a ball of fire.

Sean Connery, on the other hand, has always been quintessentially dull, even though he has a rugged face and frame.

Samantha Eggar provides a pleasant surprise, as the young landlady, girding herself against her lodger's charms with almost tangible sullen self-defense. And as the priest who knows that his counsel of moderation is being ignored, Philip Bourneuf plays with tart-sad intelligent understatement.

The American mines still wait to be mined in American films. Paul Muni's vehicle *Black Fury* (1935) dealt serious-

(Continued on Page 31)

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Peter Michelson: Fictive Babble

The Romantic Manifesto: A Philosophy of Literature by Ayn Rand

(World; $5.00)

Not to put too fine a point upon it, this is a crummy book. As a manifesto it is capricious. As a "philosophy of literature," the claim of its subtitle, it augments ignorance with incoherence. There is, however, a certain audacity in Ayn Rand's presentation of a new literary form, the Fictive Babble. In the Fictive Babble the author masquerades his solipsism as a philosophical essay, using chapter headings like "The Pycho-Epistemology of Art" or "Philosophy and Sense of Life" as a cover, meanwhile proceeding through each subject *as if* (hence fictive) he had something to say when *in fact* he does not (hence babble).

After opening with a stunning definition of "manifesto" from *The Random House Dictionary of the English Language* (College Edition, 1968), Miss Rand announces that "There is no Romantic Movement today," a startling development. She then reassures us: "If there is to be [a Romantic Movement] in the art of the future, this book will have helped it to come into being." She adds, "In regard to Romanticism, I have often thought that I am a bridge from the unidentified past to the future." *The Romantic Manifesto* is a testament to how often that thought burns her brain with its hard, gem-like flame. Recalling Aquinas as an "illustrious" predecessor (and fellow Romantic?) – "the bridge between Aristotle and the Renaissance" – she confides that, "with no presumptuous comparison of stature intended, I am a bridge of that kind – between the esthetic achievements of the nineteenth century and the minds that choose to discover them, wherever and whenever such minds might exist." And for those cavalier souls intrepid enough to suppose they are as well equipped as Ayn Rand to distinguish between what's what and what's not: "It is impossible for the young people of today to grasp the reality of man's higher potential . . . But I have seen it. I know it was real, that it existed, that it is possible." And so it came to pass, Beatrice for the millions.

But this is not a bad book because of its peculiar egomania. Nor is it a bad book because of its pretentious jargon ("Art is a selective recreation of reality according to an artist's metaphysical value judgments"), or its empty dialectic:

> The reason why art has such a profoundly *personal* significance for men is that art confirms or denies the efficacy of a man's consciousness, according to whether an art work supports or negates his own fundamental view of reality.

What does this mean? That, for example, Dante can stop an atheist's consciousness from happening? – but I wouldn't fault the book because of minor troubles. No, the book only begins to be really bad in its inner heart. Where, as a starter, Ayn Rand nurtures James Bond and Mike Hammer as her archetypal heroes. Really.

> Inspired by James Bond, a man may find the courage to rebel against the impositions of his in-laws – or to ask for a deserved raise – or to change his job – or to propose to the girl he loves – or to embark on the career he wants – or to defy the whole world for the sake of his new invention.

Aside from the dreary commercialism of the heroics to which a man may be inspired in her eyes, when one puts these examples (they are her principal ones!) of the Romantic hero cheek by jowl with her proposition that "Philosophically, Romanticism is a crusade to glorify man's existence," one realizes that her "philosophy of litera-

Revision

Why do I always see
the death in things?
Squinting in the sun, I notice
beach umbrellas sliding off,
one by one, to gray sand, waves
chopping up, full of purple tentacles,
December storms;
My cloudy look turns budding leaves to mulch,
black hair to silver, breaks up
moaning lovers, peels the ruddy paint
from Indiana barns.

Prudence is a killing frost;
Providence poisons the soil;
Wisdom, always always moving on, leaves
A brown track in the grass.

I will close my eyes and hope for
some lucky drift of jasmine,
low voices and a dumb
trembling in the groin.

Philip Appleman

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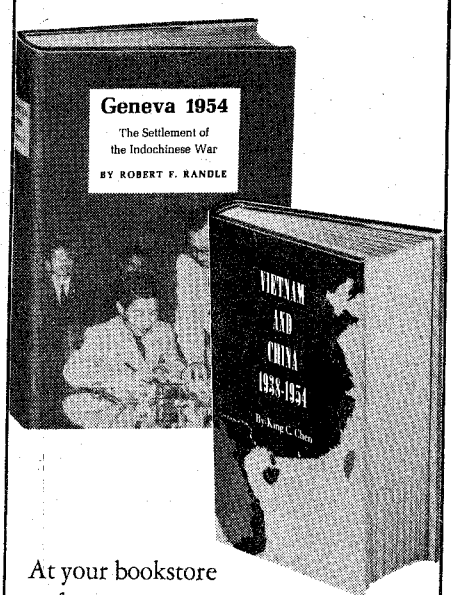

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ture" advises literature to glorify and imitate James Bond.

Given this moral sensibility, it is of little consequence that Miss Rand assures us that "the purpose of my writing is the projection of an ideal man." There is only moral ignorance manifest in such ideals as are represented in James Bond or Mike Hammer – the glorification, that is, of brutality, mindlessness, carnality, murder, guile, and power, if one takes them seriously. If one does not, as one might well not, then Miss Rand projects their fundamental triviality as the basis of a cultural idealism.

What it comes to, in short, is that there is no intrinsic reason why this book should have been published. It is being reviewed because Ayn Rand is a "phenomenon" and her publishing a book, especially one pretending to philosophy, is an "event." The irony of the Ayn Rand syndrome is that her mode of "revolt" has come to roost where it always belonged, with the disaffected voice of what is now being invoked as the "silent majority." With, that is, the anxious voice of a generation which knows it has failed its youth and its ideals. Fearfully, therefore all the more repressively, it postures in hopeless apology for failure by attacking the present for being precisely what it should be, a denial of the failures of the past. That desperate posturing is what Spiro Agnew is all about. It is what Ayn Rand is all about, on a vaguely more literate plane.

Even in 1943 the "revolt" of her "hero," Howard Roark, was culturally safe, simply because the revolt from hierarchical authority so banally imitated in *The Fountainhead* had long since happened. Now, while Miss Rand proudly proclaims, "I have been asked whether I have changed in these past twenty-five years. No, I am the same – only more so," the world keeps turning. And she has not very subtly joined the enemy she was so rightly if simple mindedly contemptuous of in *The Fountainhead*. Here are the words with which in 1943 she presented the fatuousness of the Dean of Stanton Institute as he justifies himself to Miss Rand's favorite hero, Howard Roark: "The old standards have lived for thousands of years and nobody has been able to improve upon them. What are your modernists? A transient mode, exhibitionists trying to attract attention . . . I believe, as others . . . that the profession of architecture is not for you. I have tried to help you. Now I agree with the Board. You are a man not to be encouraged. You are dangerous." Here is Ayn Rand in 1969: "Our day has no art and no future. The future, in the context of progress, is a door open only to those who do not renounce their conceptual faculty; it is not open to mystics, hippies, drug addicts, tribal ritualists – or to anyone who reduces himself to a subanimal, subperceptual, *sensory* level of awareness." Though her fictional Dean's language is less hysterical than Ayn Rand's, and more coherent, these are the same speeches. That someone of Ayn Rand's generation is running scared isn't surprising. They are, after all, being extinguished by the rhythms of life. But Ayn Rand at least ought to be a trifle jolted at finding herself in the same pack with the Dean, Peter Keating, and Guy Francon – running, that is, with the same hellhounds she so despised years ago, and presented to the world in *The Fountainhead* as objects of contempt.

But there is little evidence that Ayn Rand or the benighted mentality with which she allies herself in *The Romantic Manifesto* has any impulse to free itself of mythical beasts. Having no alternatives to the disaster of chauvinistic capitalism, they must continue to exorcise modern art, hippies, yippies, etc., with the rhetoric of "positive thinking," telling us that the trouble with our society is not that we are becoming murderous technocratic imperialists but that we tolerate too much hair, smell, and dissent from our youth. And the most important thing is never to get too close to the romantic comedy of life. It's better to contemplate levels of abstraction from reality that make Plato's art thrice removed from truth look like microscopic analysis. "I must emphasize," says Ayn Rand, "that I am not speaking of concretes, nor of politics, nor of journalistic trivia, but of that period's 'sense of life.'" "That period" refers to what Miss Rand recalls of her youth in Czarist Russia and its cultural shadow. "As a child, I saw a glimpse of the pre-World War I world, the last afterglow of the most radiant cultural atmosphere in human history . . ." The original bright lights of that afterglow, of course, were Peter and Catherine, whose cultural union produced the operatic grandeur of mad Nicholas and his teddy bear Rasputin, and it surely was a shame that it all had to go just to lay some bread on a few

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peasants ("The folks next door," Miss Rand yawns, "bore me to death"). She and her generation maintain the bourgeois Myth of Happiness by the expedients of worshipping materialistic success, and they maintain it by relegating whatever data or imagination may refute the myth to "journalistic trivia."

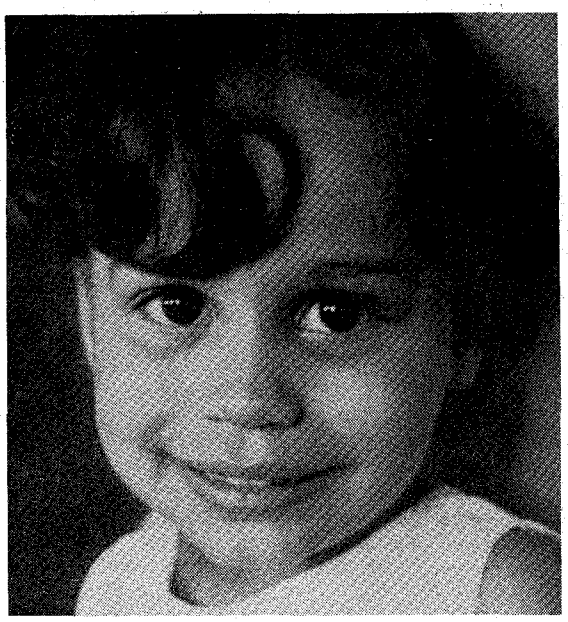
There is no respect for man in Miss Rand's manifesto. There is rather a terror of man—and the misanthropy, spite, and self-righteousness that go with it.

And if her shrill prejudices and whimsical notions of Romanticism are insufficient as philosophy, her ignorance of Naturalism is monumental, especially her ignorance of its moral and ethical meaning. To contend that Romanticism affirms human value while Naturalism denies it is just wrong. It has been a basic Naturalistic premise from Claude Bernard and Zola on that human existence *of all kinds* is itself a value, a value being betrayed by such "noble" social institutions as war and capital, institutions designed for anti-human ends. It is the need to know, care for, and work with the totality of human existence that gags the Ayn Rands. It is philosophically and morally insufficient for her and her legions to be "bored to death" by the proximity of real people and exalted by such diffuse abstractions as the "glory of man." Just as it is insufficient to propose Miss Rand's or anyone's solipsism as an ethical ideal. Modern life requires something more serious and complex of man than that he ask himself, what would Howard Roark or James Bond do?

Humanistically, we're in a primitive state. To see us through what must be seen through we shall need generosity and humility of spirit. We shall need knowledge and responsible intelligence. We shall, above all, need good will and the courage to maintain it through our failures and fear. We shall need, in other words, more than Ayn Rand's inchoate groping through her self-serving memories of the good old days.

This is a crummy book, then, because it appeals to, exploits, and glorifies cheap, destructive impulses in our culture: a generational hysteria about displacement, its corresponding repressiveness, the celebration of power. On every hand the Ayn Rand vigilantes find "obscene, dismembered monstrosities leering . . . from today's . . . mirrors." Being in such a state they may either wait for the men in white coats

She Needs Your Love...



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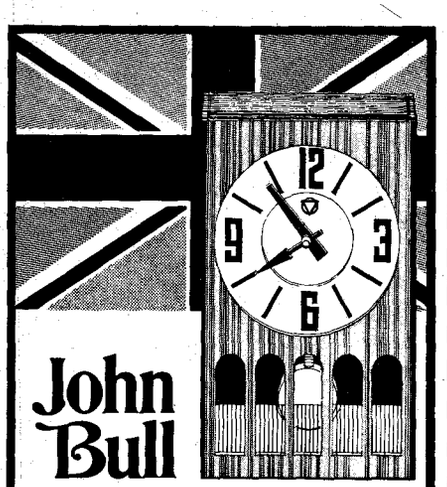

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to come get them or they may sublimate their paranoia to moral grandeur. Understandably, they choose the latter. Such manifestos as Ayn Rand's, however, reveal not only their neurotic motives but also their intellectual poverty. Their desperation to fashion good old American images of success from the stagnant sloughs of capitalism, their need for "moral rearmament" (the metaphor itself a revelation), their proper anxiety that the assumptions they inherited are being challenged by the movements of contemporary culture, all of this makes them dangerous. That Ayn Rand can seriously propose James Bond and Mike Hammer as culture heroes tells us how precariously close we are to the *Übermensch* as an ethical ideal. Ayn Rand is his perhaps unwitting apologist. Spiro Agnew is his perhaps unwitting man in Washington. All of us were his perhaps unwitting accomplices at Pinkville. Ayn Rand's manifesto adds another obstacle to the job of work necessary for the discovery of who we are and what we ought to do.

John Seelye: Arrgh!

The Collected Works of Buck Rogers In The 25th Century

Introduction by Ray Bradbury and edited by Robert C. Dille.

(Chelsea House; $12.50)

If we want to know about the underground root structure of our contemporary popular culture, we need more books like this one and Jules Feiffer's *The Great Comic Book Heroes*. We need the Collected Works of *Li'l Abner, Gasoline Alley, Orphan Annie, Terry and the Pirates,* and *Dick Tracy*. We need on tape the Collected Works of *Lum and Abner, Amos 'n Andy, One Man's Family, Stella Dallas,* and *Backstage Wife*. Only one segment of the popular culture of the twenties and thirties is available to us, and in only a relatively few fragments: the movies.

The movies have all the advantages. They can be stored with relative convenience, and have the allure, along with popular songs, of nostalgia. Who ever heard of a *Moon Mullins* revival? Who would stage it? And how? When Harold Gray died, there was some infighting among The Powers and Gray's heirs as to his successor, but an original like Gray could have no successor, no more than Sidney Smith or Frank King. Strips go on, but the spirit dies with the creator's death or retirement. Of course the real Orphan Annie isn't dead; she lives on in the back files of the dailies in the public library. But perhaps because comic strips are an adjunct to journalism, and journalists believe there is no deader news than old news, we can expect no reruns.

The best we can hope for is something like *The Collected Works of Buck Rogers,* a wise selection of actual strips from the available archive. And when the popular appetite for camp culture disappears, then what? Well, perhaps the university presses will continue the good work, for the need transcends mass whim, as the present case testifies. If Orphan Annie is a wanderer through the Gasoline Alleys of Middle America, Buck Rogers is the Jack Armstrong of America in Outer Space. Consider this: science fiction has always maintained a cult following in this country, but a cult is a minority group, an inconsiderable fraction of the total population. On the other hand, *who* has not heard of Buck Rogers, and who in the age group 35-55 has not read a comic book, comic strip, or Big Little Book about Buck Rogers' adventures in the 25th century? What most Americans knew about outer space before the

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advent of NASA and "Star Trek," they learned from *Buck Rogers*. And much of what they have learned from NASA and "Star Trek," NASA and "Star Trek" learned from *Buck Rogers* also.

The only reason there is not somebody named "Buck" Rogers working for NASA is that the PIO men figured it would be pushing things too far. The conception of putting a "Man on the Moon," and now a "Man on Mars," given such dynamism by John F. Kennedy's New Frontierism, is pure Buck Rogers. We have been told that machines could do the job just as well and much more cheaply, but as all of us readers of *Buck Rogers* know, robots are tricky devils with scientist-destruct tendencies. No, what we need up there are two-fisted, no-nonsense, slangy, midwestern American boys to do the job, planting flags, filling bags full of dirt, and aiming death-ray-pistol-like cameras at each other to get snaps for the folks back home.

The whole complex metaphor of Man in Space, particularly as it was fostered by the Kennedy Administration, is virtually diagrammed in the *Collected Works of Buck Rogers*. Take the lamination of "New Frontier" upon the space program. The frontier idea permeates *Buck Rogers*. In his burbling introduction to the *Collected Works*, Ray Bradbury tells us that the artist, (Lt.) Dick Calkins (U. S. Air Corps Reserve), originally conceived Buck Rogers in a prehistoric setting, a sort of Arrow-Collar Alley Oop. But the publisher, John Dille, persisted, and hired a sci-fi writer, Philip Nowlan, to write the continuity. Yet as any sci-fi fan can tell you, man in space moves backwards and forwards with equal ease, and the initial setting of *Buck Rogers* was a world reduced to primitive conditions by a devastating Mongol Invader. In one sequence, written during the strip's first year (1929), Buck finds himself among western outlaws in a hide-out straight from *Cat Ballou*, breaking broncos, wearing chaps and a ten-gallon hat, a regular Tom Mixup. In America, as Edwin Fussell says, our past is our future, our future our past. In Wright Morris's metaphor, the Territory Ahead is the territory behind us.

The very name "Buck" is redolent of the West, from buckskins to bucking broncos, and "Rogers" has a Northwestern original who had wild adventures amongst the Injuns looking for a Passage into the future. As the New Left persists in telling us in a shout, there is not a great deal of difference in the eyes of Middle America between an Injun and a Mongol. The only good Injun (or Mongol) is a dead Injun (or Mongol). Typically, the worst enemies in the early adventures of Buck Rogers (in the 25th century) are "half-breeds." Gotta watch that ole miscegenation, no matter what century, no matter what breed. After several years, however, Calkins and Nowlan began to lay off Mongols (Chiang Kai-shek and Pearl Buck had given the Chinaman a new image), and began to pick on those handiest of bogey men, Martians, who can contain all the characteristics of our racial stereotypes but without any of the distinguishing marks. Calkins-Nowlan Martians are *cats*.

Only an inhabitant of Harlem in the 1930s could have translated that unintentional subtlety, but one doesn't need jazz argot to derive some secondary meanings: cats have demonic associations, are stealthy, tricky, wily, inscrutable – in short, are Mongolian. Calkins-Nowlan Martians first appeared as literal pusses in space boots, but as time went on they metamorphosed into human-like creatures, retaining fanged jaws and whiskers – Tigermen. Then came W. W. II and the Tigermen of Mars became bonafide Orientals, led by Colonel Hari Kari, the Martian Ace. (This was early in the War, and Calkins was undoubtedly operating in a euphoric haze of nostalgia.) Later on, Buck's enemies were the Monkeymen of Planet X, bucktoothed, bestial jungle fighters, the quintessence of The Jap.

When the War ended, the Tigermen returned, *sans* fangs but still sporting whiskers. Only an occasional "Arrgh!" betrayed their essential felineness. They looked so human, finally, that they could fool Buck Rogers into thinking they *were* human, and we had another Enemy Amongst Us in metaphorm—this was in 1948-49.

There were other metamorphoses. Dr. Huer began as a caricature of Einstein, shouting "Eureka!" at suitable junctures, and ended up a perfect egg-head, having traded (or lost) his fright wig somewhere in the late thirties, but retaining his goggle-eye glasses. Where his tic ("Heh!") came from is anyone's guess, but it certainly betrayed a deep psychic wound that made him a dependably bad security risk. For the important thing about Huer is that he is Calkins-Nowlan's idea of The Scientist, not exactly mad or bad (he's on our side), but a helpless twit with a gigantic brain, useful only for inventing new devices for Buck Rogers to play with, and liable to let them slip into enemy hands.

To go back: perhaps the most indicative metamorphosis involved the progress of the strip itself. In the beginning it had a jokey, self-parodying quality, not really taking itself seriously. The characters were apt to wisecrack in the least likely situations, and the situations were seldom likely. But as time (and space) went on, Calkins and Nowlan changed the tone of their creation, perhaps because of competition: *Flash Gordon*, for example, as well as rocketry and television. The

Here Summer Ends

Mourn earth, for summer ends,
An incomparable ripeness now bends
Towards death: ultimate rose, russet leaves
Enter that final passion life lends
Uncertain breath and fragrant air betrays.
Your summer's rich decrees
Green as the encircled earth, bright as its trees
With our uncertain fate contend.

Mourn, earth! the last stroke of my conquered pen,
The slow leaf burning the scarlet air.
Drift, assailable season, remote from all pain
Of short, unselfconscious days, and of being human.

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25th century began to be no joke. I was born in 1931, and by the time I started to follow the *Adventures of Buck Rogers*, they were very serious adventures indeed. Few readers in the late thirties were still laughing at the possibility of space travel, and the version of it put forth by Calkins and Nowlan seemed as likely as any other.

In the late thirties, then, Buck, Wilma Deering, Dr. Huer, and their assorted companions in space were comfortably at home in sleek, modernistic rocket ships, phallic-shaped cylinders on sleds, somewhat vague as to interior decoration (mostly dials, desks, and daises), and spent a great deal of time peering out of bubbles or into television screens. In earlier years by contrast, Buck and Wilma were mostly out in the open, jumping around with the help of anti-gravity belts. When Buck took to higher altitudes in 1930, it was in an airplane, not at all modified from the 1915 Flying-Jenny-Sop-with-Camel variety familiar to Lt. Dick Calkins, U. S. Air Corps Reserve. It was the Mongols who had the space ships then, large, saucerish vessels resembling Swift's flying island (another Mongol invention) in the Third Book of *Gulliver's Travels*.

Throughout the forties we find Buck Rogers becoming increasingly airbound. Though he never loses his love for sloughing around a Martian swamp or palace with his ray-gun at ready, Buck as an archetypical Western Hero finds the machine in his garden more and more frequently. The final sequence in *The Collected Works*, "Battle on the Moon," is largely involved with space ships: flying, crashing, being repaired, duelling dogfight style. Buck by this time has become identified with the Machine itself, becoming the controlling animus of the Thing. He never takes the final, implied step, but anyone who listened to the dishumanoid conversations between our Apollo astronauts and Houston Control knows what that final step is, and that it is not so much a Giant Step for Mankind as a Man Step for the Giant.

For this is the reality of Man in Space. *Buck Rogers* is the myth, its hero lighting out from poor old ravaged Earth for howling adventures amongst the Injuns of outer space, for ever – new Frontiers. It's a hopeful myth, and it's a lie. There is nothing out there, not even Tigermen. What

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we have is here, and it's all we have. The men who are sent out there are not heroes in the Buck Rogers mold, despite all the P. R. claims to the contrary, though they too come from America's heartland, and speak in slangy accents. They are doing a job that machines could do just as well, maybe better, and the better they do their job, the more like machines they become.

Science fiction is fun, and so long as it is taken for fiction, harmless. Like imagination, it keeps one leap ahead of knowledge. Captain Nemo held us prisoner so long as the ocean stood for mystery, but when the real submarine was invented, the *Nautilus* took flight and became a space ship. Now that we know there are no men on the Moon, or on Mars, or on Venus (except the ones we send there), we will send our imaginary voyagers to other galaxies. Why not? What harm? The harm only comes when we confuse fiction with fact. During the first landing on the Moon, some friends of mine were amazed that their children showed little interest in what was unfolding on the T. V. screen. "Aw," said the kids, "what's so exciting about being on the *Moon*?" "Star Trek" had already taken them a billion light years farther.

Kenneth Boulding: Time as a Commodity

The Harried Leisure Class by Staffan B. Linder

(Columbia University Press; $7.00)

This sprightly little essay raises some important questions about the nature and consequences of economic development – questions which up to now have remained in the underworld of economic thought, but which are undoubtedly coming into increasing importance. Its major thesis is that an abundance of commodities produces a scarcity of time, partly because it takes time to consume goods and partly because the more productive we are the more costly is any abstention from production. Hence, the richer we get, the less likely are we to give up time to idleness or apparently unproductive pursuits, and the more harried we become. The author collects a good deal of scattered evidence for these propositions, unearths fascinating and much neglected literature on the subject, and establishes his professional respectability with a good mathematical appendix. The tone of the work, however, is that of entertaining social criticism, somewhat in the manner of Veblen, and, if occasionally the author skates over some rather thin critical ice, the gaiety and skill of his pirouettes enable him to get away with it and do not detract from what is at bottom a very serious thesis which deserves serious examination.

The social criticism follows from the fact that he sees the increasing scarcity of time as resulting in a declining quality of human life in many of its aspects. We no longer savor and enjoy the good things of life, we no longer linger over agreeable meals, or even indulge in the languorous pleasures of gourmet sex. Everything is instant, quicky, to be snatched on the run; we are always doing four things at once and never getting the full savor of any of them. One detects throughout the whole book a distinct nostalgia for the dear, dead days beyond recall when there was time to eat, time for love, time to think, time to play, and time to relax. Indeed, as in a good deal of social criticism, even from the radicals, one finds a slight nostalgia for what one might almost describe as the aristocratic ideal.

Mr. Linder's style is so charming that

Richard Gilman's

stimulating critiques of Mailer, McLuhan, Sontag, the Living Theatre, Black writing, and other fiction, drama, and ideas. "Thoughtful, subtle, fair, and often lethal."—William Beauchamp, *Saturday Review*

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it produces a euphoria that perhaps dulls the critical faculty. Nevertheless, a few gnawing criticisms do creep to the edge of my mind. One or two are of a slightly technical nature. He never makes quite clear the distinction between consumption and use, which means that he does not give a thorough enough examination of the very interesting and important problem of the different time patterns of consumption and use of commodities or even of public goods, a problem which he quite rightly points out has been very much neglected by the economists. One has an uneasy feeling, also that he has not quite identified what is perhaps the major reason for the scarcity of time in more developed societies, which is the difficulty of economizing time under conditions of long-run commitments of it. Mr. Linder rightly sees that the economizing of time, that is, the allocation of an inescapably scarce resource among alternative uses, is one of the major problems of economic behavior. What he does not seem to see clearly is that the difficulties of this allocation arise primarily because the period of allocation is uncertain. Are we allocating twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, three hundred and sixty-five days in a year, or seventy years in a lifetime? Ultimately, of course, what we are allocating is a lifetime. Nevertheless, we cannot allocate this all at once. As time goes on we have to make constant corrections and amendments to our allocation of a lifetime, and this makes much more difficult the allocation of shorter periods. We make appointments and commitments months or even years ahead. There is a strong tendency for us to overcommit the future, so that when the future becomes the present we seem to be conscious all the time of having an acute scarcity, simply because we have committed ourselves to about thirty hours a day instead of twenty-four. It is this overcommitment which I think creates a sense of pressure and harriedness rather than the mere fact that time has competitive uses and a high marginal utility in an affluent society. It is the sense of constant failure to allocate time rationally which produces a sense of being harried, not the mere fact that we have to allocate it. These considerations, however, support Professor Linder's general thesis and are offered more as an addendum than as a criticism.

A more fundamental criticism is perhaps that he has neglected the distributive aspects of the problem perhaps because of his aristocratic nostalgia. The leisureliness of an aristocracy is based on the almost total absence of leisure of the working class. Many of the problems of modern society, from harriedness to pollution, arise precisely because affluence has enabled us to extend patterns of life which previously were the privilege of a very few into larger and larger sections of society. The serf of the middle ages, or even the nineteenth century factory worker, was not harried because his time was all laid out for him by somebody else. He had to make no choices about it. Harriedness can only arise from a feeling of the failure of choice. If there is no choice, obviously it cannot be poorly done. The miseries of the kitchen maid and the farm laborer on which the elegance of the aristocratic class was based are a very heavy debit balance to lay against the aristocratic ideal. Affluence means that everybody has more choice than before. Choice is an art which no doubt has to be learned. It is surely much more agreeable to have to learn it, however, than not to have to learn it at all because we have no choice. I am inclined to think, therefore, that there is no road back, even to Jane Austen, and that the debit balance of a productive society, in terms of our slowness in learning how to manage choice, is a debit balance that is fairly easy to reduce. There are other debit balances in a productive society which Mr. Linder does not mention, such as pollution of the environment, perverse cravings for novelty, and so on, which may be much harder to reduce than the inability to manage time budgeting.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

KENNETH BOULDING *is Professor of Economics at the Institute of Behavioral Science at the University of Colorado.* PETER MICHELSON'S *book* Pornography, an Essay in Genre, *will be published this fall by Herder and Herder.* JOHN SEELYE *is in the English Department at the University of Connecticut.* HUGH NEWELL JACOBSEN *is an architect living in Washington.* PHILIP APPLEMAN *is a professor of creative writing at Indiana University.* DACHINE RAINER'S *poem is from an unpublished collection,* Poems of Love & Disorder.

Hugh Newell Jacobsen: Excesses, Old and New

Chicago: Growth of a Metropolis by Harold M. Mayer and Richard C. Wade

(University of Chicago Press; $32.00)

Chicago is something else.

Every city does its own thing but Chicago's thing is to do it bigger. Its excesses are both old and new, exhilarating and exasperating. Sure, New York, Los Angeles, Baltimore have unique features and character, but they don't do it as big as Chicago. There is that great big city, seven million people, stretching out on a flat prairie that defies scale and dimensions, alongside a small ocean called a lake. Both land and water are too much.

Chicago: Growth of a Metropolis is an incredible book. Like its subject it is excessive, and nothing succeeds like excess. It is handsomely designed, with a thousand photographs that document the physical growth and the spatial patterns of the city.

The fabric and tapestry of a city are not instant but made of generations, and the book documents the frantic quality of its growth handsomely. Not only are the great buildings, the great men and their great deeds given their expected places; also well documented are little speculative houses and unob-

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trusive neighborhoods, together with their relationship to the city and its growth.

We are what we build. From house through urban monument we build what we think our best; and if because of economic depression, war or other irrelevancy we then find the buildings not accurately describing the noble, beautiful and real us, that's all part of it. What is done and left as heritage for the others following is sometimes depressing and sometimes glorious, but it is always an accurate picture of what we were in our time.

The book presents the history of the city's overall structural changes in five fold-out panoramic photos. They provide a "visual census" of the city, dramatically showing the growth along its dreary gridiron plan and demonstrating that, despite all the grand words of Daniel Burnham, Chicago grew like an enormous work camp. Industry, the *raison d'être* of the work camp, encouraged the railroad to cut the city into strips. Even the great fire of 1871 – which destroyed 1688 acres of buildings and cleared the way for new and bigger structures – didn't make an imprint on the grid plan. Not until 1905 and Burnham's pompous plan did even parks become part of the public consciousness.

Unfortunately, when the book speaks of people and events it speaks of the biggest but not always most characteristic. Chicago has been prodigal with big men as with everything else, and names like Stephen Douglas, Philip Armour, Cyrus McCormick, Potter Palmer, Marshall Field, Louis Sullivan and Frank Lloyd Wright stand big on the page. But Chicago has produced others. Hinky Dink, Bath House John and Big Bill Thompson are omitted from these pages even though they are legends of corruption and bad government. The name of Al Capone, together with the gangsterism that will forever be associated with the city, is omitted as if he and it didn't happen. Events like the Haymarket massacre, prohibition, the march led by Martin Luther King in the summer of 1967, the riots of '68 – and that Democratic Convention are simply absent. Yet, even with these omissions, a dimensionalism comes through that no other city has. Carl Sandburg sang it in his poetry, and the book does more to grasp it (it being usually described as challenging, moving, growing and powerful) than any other book I have seen.

Correspondence

The New Republic welcomes communications in regard to subjects of current interest. Those of 300 words or less are most suitable for publication.

New Economics (cont'd)

Sirs:

Although banishing me from the debate for misbehavior Arthur Okun (February 14) does not refrain from replying to points which only I made. Thus in response to Pechman's claim that federal civilian expenditures "rose more rapidly" in the Kennedy-Johnson era than in "any other period of American history," I showed that such expenditures rose more rapidly in the 1930s. Okun replies that "the percentage growth of these outlays is not a reasonable yardstick; it was infinite in our first year as a nation. . . ." Apparently for Okun "rapidity" implies an absolute measure, which will surprise statisticians; and his resort to the infinite rate of increase in our first year, when I dealt specifically with the years 1933-1941, is an obvious irrelevancy.

Okun claims that because of stagnation, the growth emphasis of the '60s was *appropriate* to that period, as it is not now precisely because growth was achieved in the K-J years. This contrast is unconvincing. We failed to meet a great many of our pressing needs in the '60s, just as we are now, not because we were too poor, but because of the forces determining the structure of our taxes, expenditures, and social priorities. What is more, there is no reason to assume that "stagnation" will not threaten in the '70s, despite our current high level of activity, and thus justify analogous patterns of "politically feasible" stimuli to get the economy moving again. (And we may be sure that there are economists in the wings ready to rationalize the short-run sacrifice of socially meaningful tax and expenditure adjustments in the need for further growth to avoid stagnation.)

The definition of "political feasibility" in the '60s, which put a high premium on meeting a nonexistent missile gap, and which gave virtual *carte blanche* to weapons development, and over $100 billion to the Vietnam war, was, at a minimum, acceptable to leading New Economists. As expressed by Okun in his recent book *The Economics of Prosperity*, the "big social question" is: "What types of spending should be squeezed in order to make room for the resources claimed by defense?" (p. 63). And, while military expenditures should be considered on their merits, "It would be bad economics and bad politics for our national defense effort to be cast as the villain barring progress on the home front. . . . The military-industrial complex is no worse – as well as no better – than most of the interest groups that operate legitimately in our pluralistic system" (p. 128). Such views suggest that further militarization and external crusades will not be obstructed seriously by a shortage of New Economists. If Messrs. Laird and Nixon insist that the Soviet SS-9 is intended to "bury us," that our security is threatened without an expanding ABM system and more aggressive weapons development, or that a "peoples' war" is subverting a friendly military junta, then most of the "growth dividend" may continue to be absorbed by the military on grounds hitherto acceptable to New Economists.

The New Economists have been alert to the political constraints that limit tax and expenditure policies at a mo-

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ment of time, but they have been weak on political dynamics. In a letter in this journal of October 7, 1967, R. B. Du Boff and I pointed out how the economist spokesmen for the Johnson surtax were ignoring the socio-political effect of the war, which was altering the structure of political power in a direction that meant reduced attention to already neglected social priorities. The Nixon Administration may be regarded as the political outcome of the policy choices of its predecessors. And although Okun, Pechman, et al., do not like such matters to be raised, it seems clear to me that the K-J-N system of priorities will not be reversed until significant numbers, including New Economists, refuse to find such value choices acceptable.

Edward S. Herman
University of Pennsylvania

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Timber

Sirs:

As a reply to Michael McClosky's "Raiding the Forests" (*NR*, Dec. 13, 1969), Howard Rogers' February 7 article in support of the National Timber Supply Act is very disappointing. His case for the bill appears to proceed from the following premises: (1) there is currently a domestic timber shortage; (2) a lot of dead and down timber is present in the National Forests; (3) it is now going to waste; (4) were the National Forests laced with a network of logging roads, it could be salvaged; (5) the National Timber Supply Act, through its high-yield fund, provides the wherewithal to construct this network.

While (2), (4), and (5) may be true, (1) is false, as Mr. McClosky's unrebutted arguments show. (3) is true only if we are prepared to take Mr. Rogers' narrow view of the matter; from an ecological standpoint, (3) is false. More importantly, it is but a small step from (3) to what the lumber industry has always maintained, namely, that any tree is wasted if it doesn't end up in the lumber yard. I suggest that anyone who is satisfied by Mr. Rogers' ingenuous argument that the proposed roads will merely facilitate salvage of dead and down trees would also be satisfied by a Nazi explanation that the ovens were only to dispose of dead Jews.

Mr. Rogers' claim that "many areas of wilderness are now totally inaccessible" is true only if we add something like "to motorized campers, boaters, and the like"; in this case, of course, it is analytically true, for wilderness ceases to be wilderness under such pressure. There is a great deal of domesticated out-of-doors available to those who enjoy it, but very little wilderness remains to those who would experience nature on its own terms.

Scott K. Lehmann
Chicago, Illinois

Sirs:

Mr. Rogers neglects to mention, in moaning about the lumber industry's supposed need for timber, that US lumber companies exported over 4 billion board feet of wood in 1969. It seems that the corporate giants of the lumber industry have just about exhausted their own land, through shortsighted lumbering practices, and now they want to start on *ours* – the National Forests. They want to invade primitive areas, and they want to shorten the Forest Service's projected 100-year cutting schedule to 15 or 20 years. A glimmering of ecological knowledge will show the value of "dead and down" timber in the process of soil building and nutrient recycling in the forest ecosystem, and, perhaps more crucially, will show the destructiveness of Mr. Rogers' dreamy "network of roads" into the forests. There is a vast body of knowledge relating to forest practices and forest ecology, but Mr. Rogers, with his "I am tolds" and his "it is estimateds," is apparently not a beneficiary of it.

His identification of wilderness with "scenery" betrays perfect innocence of the scientific, physical, spiritual, and even moral values that have been researched and described in government agency reports, Sierra Club wilderness conferences, and a whole library of literature. Rogers' statement that "many areas of wilderness . . . are now totally inaccessible" is false. There are *no* wilderness areas on this planet that are inaccessible – unless you hold to the lazy, urban, anti-human definition of accessibility that revolves solely around the automobile. Mr. Rogers, with his paltry "scenery" and his steering-wheel view of it, is way, way behind the wilderness thought of today.

Thomas J. Lyon
Logan, Utah

Harold Ross's Ghost

Sirs:

I write, without authorization, on behalf of the ghost of H. W. Ross. In your issue of January 17, under the heading "Two from The New Yorker," your reviewer, Professor Packer, starts out an examination of E. J. Kahn's "Harvard: Through Change and Through Storm" with the paragraph:

"Mr. Kahn just tells a lot of stories about Harvard. His book is an example of the *New Yorker* 'Profile' genre but lacks the bite and the penetration of, say, Wolcott Gibbs' classic piece on Time, Inc. Kahn's effort ought to offend the ghost of Harold Ross."

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Well, *this* effort has a bite all right, but I wonder about its penetration. No part of Mr. Kahn's book ever appeared in *The New Yorker*'s Profile department. Mr. Ross's ghost must be puzzled by your reviewer's fuzziness.

Geoffrey Hellman
The New Yorker

In reply:

Mr. Hellman is entitled to enter his defense of Harold Ross's ghost. I chose to rely on the statement in the Kahn book that "Part of the contents of this book appeared, in somewhat different form, in *The New Yorker.*" My defense of Harold Ross's ghost presumably consists of having allowed my subscription to the magazine he so brilliantly edited to lapse some years ago. Readers may find Mr. Hellman's letter more ingenious than convincing.

Herbert L. Packer

Kauffmann, *from page 20*

ly with a miner's life, as I remember, but grabbed for a cop-out finish. In 1929 Cecil B. DeMille's first "all-talkie," called *Dynamite*, used a miner (played by Charles Bickford) as one-third of a triangle in a story that ended in a mine. But there was more of the miner's essence in Trevor Howard's performance as the father in *Sons and Lovers* than in what I recall of those films or *The Molly Maguires.*

John Barth's novel, *The End of the Road*, is an "ideological farce," as Richard Wasson says in the current *Partisan Review*, "the end of the road for myth and metaphor as the moderns understood it." (The moderns are such old-timers as Joyce and Yeats and Eliot.) The film version, written by Dennis McGuire, Terry Southern, and Aram Avakian tries to create a new myth of its own: that the H-bomb and Vietnam and the Space Age have caused the protagonist's recurrent attacks of catatonia.

The publicity admits that the film is "a baroque and pointedly absurd adaptation." My argument with the script is not that it abandons Barth's intelligent small drama of a man facing the failure of myth as an organizing principle amidst chaos – although I don't quite see why the authors needed Barth's book at all. What has been substituted is Terry Southernism at its heavy-thumbed worst. One shot of the mushroom cloud, says Southernism, or of burning Vietnamese, and any film has an ideological base and is a satire. But the script has nothing to do with its pictorial apparatus. We are shown by means of incessant intercutting that the hero's affliction is connected with the world today, but nothing that he says or does is related to that idea. We have no reason to assume that he would not be catatonic in Utopia or would not get into a triangular mess there. Jake Horner is not looking for escape from the world into catatonia; he fights it; he wants to stay *in* life, mushroom cloud and all.

Aram Avakian, who makes his debut here as director of a feature, has been an outstanding film editor (Rossen's *Lilith*, for instance) but he has edited this film to bits, rather than to unity. Never was a picture so fractured only to prove that the director knows the year in which it was made. Godard and Lester are names that come immediately to mind; but Godard's fragmentation is at least the result of an art-view and of talented impatience; Lester's fragmentation is very carefully planned to assemble cognitively or subliminally into a design. Avakian just gives us apparatus – flash cuts, color changes, splash effects, disoriented sequences – and gives it to us seemingly because he is afraid not to, of being thought old-fashioned. The publicity says that the picture is "a trip without drugs"; but as an artifact of the drug culture, *End of the Road* isn't in it with *Easy Rider.*

Stacy Keach plays Jake, his first major film role. He gets small chance to use his big talents. Much of the time he has to be more or less catatonic; the widest range he gets is to show us a few easy trick accents. Keach is not a personality actor, he is an actor, and he needs roles that overtax him. Harris Yulin, as the cuckolded professor, has some small stubborn strength. Dorothy Tristan, as his wife, has the brave, patient, sexy air of a woman who has seen her husband through graduate school.

Another Terry Southernism, apparently, was to make the Doctor – the head of the Remobilization Farm – a black. He is played by James Earl Jones in a schizoid manner that makes the Doctor himself a prime candidate for the funny farm. He is by turns a conscious black, aggressively putting on what LeRoi Jones would call a "coon show," and then a competent cool psychiatrist.

Because of the absence of focus and of resolution, the incessant visual trickery gets boring and the many uglinesses stick out like carbuncles. Many of the latter come from the book, but Barth's texture is so sure, his tone so controlled, that when we reach the raw and rough abortion scene in the novel, we half-expect it and almost murmur, "Naturally. That *would* happen." In the film the abortion is an isolated horror that might make Edward Kienholz blanch. Barth is interested in exploring Beckettian shapelessness with self-discipline. This film is interested only in itself – on a particle-by-particle basis. Avakian might direct a good film some day if he ever had a strong lasting vision and could serve it with something more than panting cleverness.

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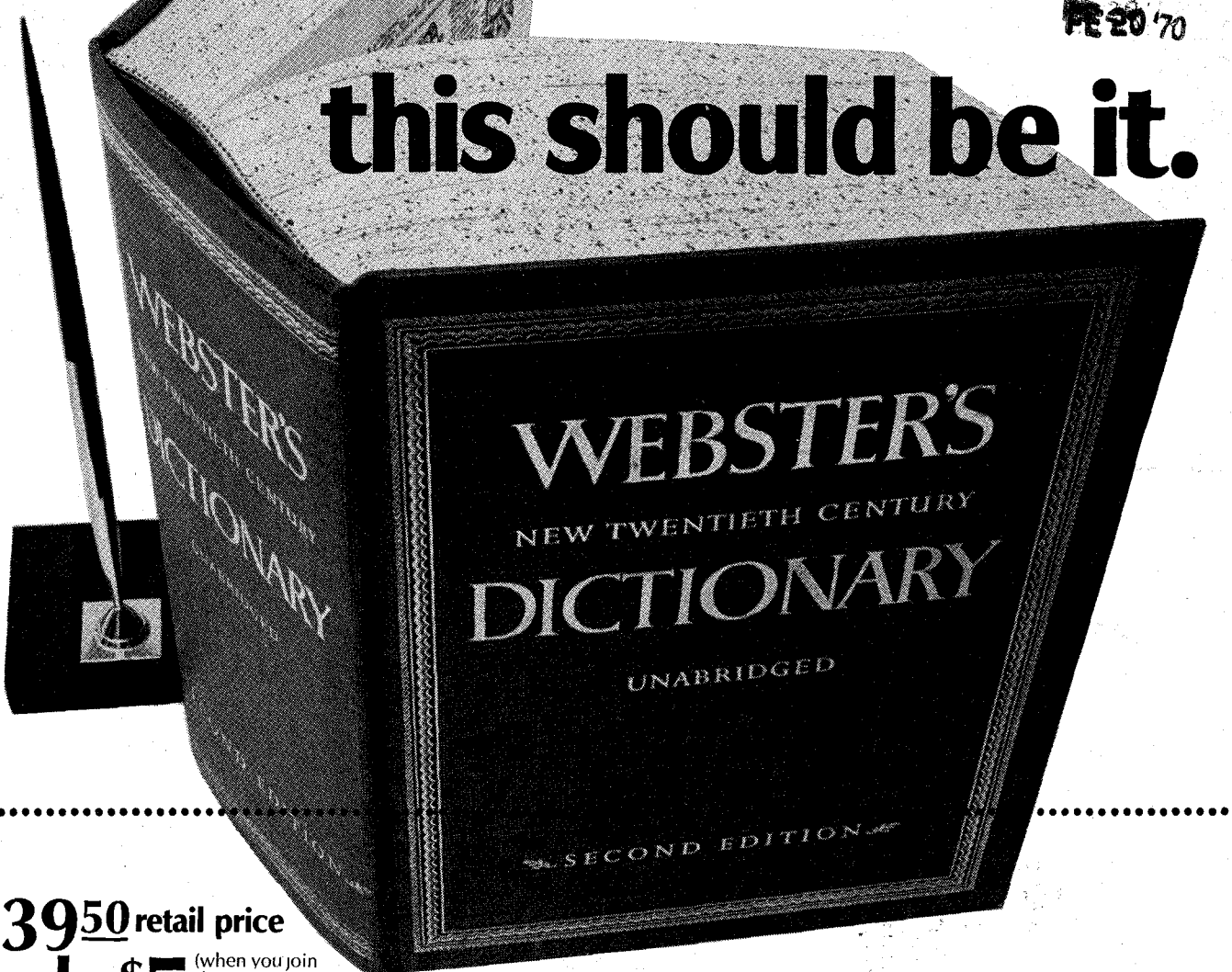

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